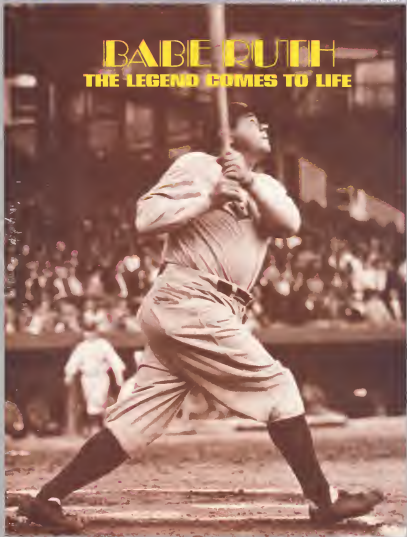


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## Next week

EMOTIONAL MONTREAL is at its best as its beloved but beleaguered Canadiens, Stanley Cup champions, fight to regain their self-esteem. Mark Mulvey looks into the affairs.

GEORGE FOREMAN has yet to defend his title in the continental U.S. This time the fight is in Venezuela, and his opponent is Ken Norton. Dan Levin slams up the heavens.

ALASKA'S PIPELINE project stirs wide and bitter debate among oilmen, environmentalists—and non-experts too. Bill Gilbert reports on a trip to the mountains and tundra.

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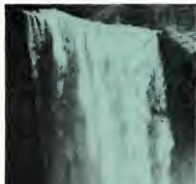


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## College Programs of Study

Applications of linear to communications, bioelectric, precision missile measurement, navigation, spectroscopy.

**E&AS 74b (0850), Communication Theory** IV(13)

T, Th, 10-11:15, section 908A

Representation and resolution of signals. Fourier and Hilbert transforms. Principles of modulation techniques AM, FM, SSB, PAM, PCM. Introduction to probability theory and random processes. Power spectra and correlation functions. Information contents of messages. Elements of information theory. **E&AS 90a** is strongly recommended in preparation for this course.

**\*E&AS 76a (0850), Control Systems I** IV(13)

M, W, F, 10:30-11:20, section 908A

(Optional one hour problem session)

Representation and analysis of general linear systems. Topics include: classification of systems, state-variable representations, time-domain techniques, frequency-domain techniques, discrete systems.

**\*E&AS 76b (0850), Control Systems II** IV(13)

M, W, F, 10:30-11:20, section 908A

Continuation of **E&AS 76a** which is not a prerequisite. Topics include: Z-transform method and the analysis of discrete-time linear systems, analysis of linear systems with random inputs, elementary stability theory, controllability and observability, elementary mathematical meth-

ods used in the determination of optimal linear systems.

**E&AS 81a (0850), Separation Theory** IV(a)

Hours to be arranged

Theory of the separation of binary and multicomponent mixtures. Discussion of rate-controlled and equilibrium stage processes. Applications in distillation, chromatography, absorption, ion exchange, and other separation techniques. (RP)

**E&AS 83b (0850), Reaction Kinetics** IV(a)

Hours to be arranged

Extension of the fundamentals of physical chemistry and chemical engineering with particular regard to rates of chemical reactions and the design of chemical reactors. (RP)

**E&AS 88a (0850) or 88b (0845), Electronics and Instrumentation** IV(a)

T, Th, 2:30-3:20, section 908A.

Lab, 3 hours to be arranged.

This course will introduce the student to a broad cross section of modern electronic techniques applicable to engineering, applied science, and biological research problems. Major emphasis is placed on the design of circuits and systems using functional electronic packages, such as solid-state integrated circuits. In general, the design requirements will be derived from current research work in the above areas. This course forms

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

## PROGRESS OR PERIL

If the NFL Players Association succeeds in eliminating the option clause during negotiations beginning this week with management (page 62), the next move, Executive Director Ed Garvey hints, might be toward a worldwide union of professional athletes, maybe even including college students on athletic scholarships. "Why not?" asks Garvey. "We expect to merge with the Canadian players group as well as take on the players who join the World Football League."

Probably this is only a trial balloon. Garvey likes this sort of thing. But it is a disturbing prospect with plenty of why noes?—concerning bigness, individual freedoms, international cartels and reprisals, to mention a few.

## CEASE SAFARI

It is now official. The day of the big-game hunter with his high-velocity rifles and a file of native porters is finished in Tanzania. In the future, the only shooting in the land Ernest Hemingway hunted—and later wrote about in *Green Hills of Africa* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*—will be with cameras.

Appalled by the slaughter of elephants and other wildlife through widespread killing by gangs using modern weapons and powerful trucks, President Julius Nyerere's government last September imposed a six-month ban on all forms of commercial hunting. The ban has been made permanent.

Tanzania's 11 million tribespeople still will be permitted to kill game to feed their families. "But the villagers will be issued a list of animals they can hunt for food," said B. Mulokozi, principal secretary in the Bureau of Natural Resources and Tourism. "Of course, we can't allow them to kill every animal."

Mulokozi said that professional hunters would no longer be able to operate and that serious measures would be taken against anyone found selling or buying such game trophies as elephant-foot umbrellas, zebra-skin billfolds and

antelope-leg bedside lamps. No loss.

A spokesman for an old established safari firm in neighboring Kenya believes the hunting ban probably is going to cost Tanzania thousands of pounds a year in lost tourist trade. "A lot of white hunters in that country already have left," he says, "and the rest are leaving for jobs elsewhere."

## COUNTRY MILE

It is not just Little Leaguers who are swinging aluminum bats these days. The NCAA approved their use for college baseball in 1974, and if what is going on at the University of Texas is an omen, there are going to be a lot of shell-shocked pitchers this spring. Keith Moreland, an All-America at third base last year, was bating .628 after the Longhorns' 13th straight win of the season. Through one eight-game stretch he hit .777 with 21 of 27.

"The ball seems to jump off the aluminum bats better," he says. "In some of our home games this year there have been balls that would have been ordinary flies had they been hit with a wooden bat. But with the aluminum they carried out onto the cliff behind left field."

There is one drawback to aluminum, the Longhorns report. Since the bats come in only three sizes, all with the same size bat handle, players frequently hand the bat to the succeeding hitter. "It looks kinda country when six guys in a row use the same bat," Coach Cliff Gustafson says.

## GOT THE HORSE RIGHT HERE

The horse population, far from dwindling, may be outpacing humans, *The Christian Science Monitor* reports. According to the Department of Agriculture and other statistical assessors, horses for riding, racing, showing, hunting and even polo, surprisingly, appear never to have heard of zero population growth. In 1960 it was estimated that there were 3 million riding horses in the United States. Now Agriculture has

kicked the figure up to 6.5 million, but riding clubs are saying it is more like 10.5 million, or a horse for every 20 persons.

Trial riding over some 100,000 miles of paths in 154 national parks and 19 national grasslands as well as countless smaller trails is the fastest-growing horse activity among the young. Forty percent of riding-horse owners are under 20. Between 250,000 and 500,000 children are in 4-H riding programs, compared with 80,000 in 1960.

Some more figures, 500 major horse shows are held each year. There are 91 polo clubs around the country, 31 of them less than 10 years old, 108 fox hunting clubs; 65 associations concerned with special breeds; and the number of horse-



es bred for racing increases every year.

An advertisement that ran recently in a Boston newspaper sums up the new enthusiasm: "Young woman with experience wanted to help cure for young baby and five horses."

## TWO KINDS OF COMPETITION

In all sport there is almost no word more sacred than competition. Devoted adherents have been known to ascribe to it most of what is good and successful in U.S. society. Recently, though hardly going that far, a professor of physical education at Pennsylvania's Slippery Rock State College, David Auxier, said that since competitive athletics are desirable, women should be cut in on the good deal, which he described as an educational experience. "Better athletic programs will develop more aggressive females, women with confidence, who value personal

continued



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### **SCORECARD** *continued*

achievement and have a strong sense of identity. I think that would be a good thing for us all."

Another view comes from two physical educators at the University of Connecticut, Drs. Hollis Fast and John E. Billing. Noting that in competition there are far more losers than winners, they say, "If maximum development of all students is desired, direct competition, by its very nature, negates this goal."

"When physical educators use direct competition, in which significant numbers must inevitably fail," they write in a new book, *Issues in Physical Education Today*, "we induce many students to avoid failure rather than to seek success. The student seeking to avoid failure never attempts anything of his own volition, he never volunteers, takes an extra trial or ventures an idea in response to a question. In fact he may actively avoid participation, for he cannot fail if he does not attempt."

Rather than stress athletic contests, Drs. Fast and Billing suggest, physical educators should encourage self-development through indirect competition, such as improving one's own performance. Almost nobody is a loser that way, and the majority will know what it is to succeed.

Is there some reason that escapes us why physical educators refuse to allow us to compete or not, as we choose?

### **PATRIOT?**

The Washington, D.C. entry in the World Football League recently held a naming contest and, out of 15,000 nominations, came up with Ambassadors. Since this was suggested by a number of people, the WFL put the eight with the earliest postmarks in a hopper, and the winners picked out were Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Bernardino of Laurel, Md. Team Owner Joe Wheeler presented Mrs. Bernardino with a \$1,000 check at a luncheon, after which Mr. Bernardino set the record straight, his wife had nothing to do with their choice. He had sent in several suggestions, and his personal preference was not Ambassadors but Spartans. Furthermore, crunch, "At heart, I'm a Patriot fan."

### **DON'T DO THAT!**

An insidious plot is afoot in the harness racing world that is going to make strong men quaver and the rest of us cross-eyed if somebody doesn't draw a rein on this

thing right now. Trainer-Driver Roger Brown has a prize 2-year-old colt whom he has named H. C. Tapnad. Read that backwards and, if you don't retch, you will notice it is Dan Patch.

At last count there were not many people reading the tote board backward, although some may have thought they had. Think of the brouhaha, writes Columnist Earl Flora in *Hoof Beats*, if the harassed hector were faced with a card with the likes of E. D. Irpsrats, S. S. Ortabla and R. E. Vonuhterh, not to mention Y. K. Cuneck, L. E. Ehrat and D. R. Yheybeyb.

Bad, eh? It gets worse. Ted Taylor's 3-year-old gelded son of Below Zero is named Tubelo Zero. United States Trotting Association, W. O. NTCA!

### **FIVE BY FIVE**

Fuel conservation note: San Diego's Pacific Power Boat Club, which had been running three-lap races for hydroplanes and runabouts around a 1½-mile course, shortened each lap to a mile. Then it discovered that on one-mile courses only races of five or more laps qualified for championship points. So it added two laps. Find fuel conservation

### **WAY, WAY DOWN EAST**

Maine has been having the kind of winter energy craves dreams of—and snow-sport promoters dread. The latest casualty: the 50th anniversary International Snowshoe Congress. With no snow, the webfoots raced on dirt. There was a brighter side, though. Asked if she were going to open her golf course on March 15, Mrs. Lowell McLaughlin, the shop supervisor at Scarborough's Pleasant Hill Country Club, said, "Open? We haven't closed since last March 15."

### **TO HAVE NOT AND TO HAVE**

Even Commisner Pete Rozelle has acknowledged that the National Football League draft needs work (SI, Feb. 11). Designed to equalize team strengths by giving bottom clubs first go at the year's college crop, it succeeds merely in giving the worst team first pick, if indeed that has not already been traded away. Because of the size of the league, the following choices by poor teams are far down the line (27, 33 and so forth), and not about to turn any franchise's fortunes around. For real equalization, the more vociferous critics of the league have suggested, the have-nots should be awarded

*continued*





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by B. P. Russell  
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer  
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**Kodak pocket Instamatic 60 camera.**

### SCORECARD

up to five selections among the first 25.

But maybe such drastic surgery is not required after all. Rozelle's office has delved further into the matter and has decided that the poor do get richer—but by increments, not in dramatic leaps. By dividing the league into lower and upper halves and comparing their 1972 and 1973 records. Director of Personnel Jan Van Duser, together with his assistant, Carl Marasco, discovered that the 11 teams in the lower half in 1972 won 24 more games in '73, while the teams in the upper half were losing 26 more than they had in '72.

"I submit no magic reasons to explain the figures," Van Duser says. "The undeniable fact keeps showing up that despite the presence of variables which can tilt a competitive system in either direction—coaching, personnel evaluation, lack of early-round choices, injuries, luck, sunspots or what have you—the trend of increased losses for the better clubs is real."

Van Duser concedes that there are some who always land in the top half, and there is Houston, which seems good for at least one win a year. But he also points to eight have-nots of 1968: Cincinnati, Atlanta, Denver, Minnesota, Miami, Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Washington. They all drafted among the has-es in January.

### THEY SAID IT

- **Tommy Harper**, Boston Red Sox outfielder: "I found out something this winter. If you sit next to Henry Aaron at banquets, you get your picture taken a lot."

- **Dave DeBusschere**, the N.Y. Knick forward, on his career in baseball: "My greatest achievements involved other players. I was pitching for the White Sox against Cleveland the day Early Wynn got his 300th victory. And at the beginning of the 1963 season the White Sox had to choose between two pitchers. They kept me and traded Denny McLain to Detroit."

- **William Wingo**, International Machinist Union officer, speaking to the National Football League Players Association: "If you are going to strike, I don't think the owners can get seats."

- **Ed Ledbetter**, 12-year-old who has run a 3.03 marathon: "Sometimes people ask me why I run, and that bothers me. You don't ask football players why they play football."

END



# 1 Equals 5

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MALLORY

# WOLFPACK BY A FANG

There is nothing like that down-home, country-cooked Atlantic Coast Conference tournament. It is unusual, unfair and unreal, a bit of bad and good, invented by the same perverse guy who makes your buttonholes too small and your shoestrings too weak. At its mention, jittery coaches shake, rattle and roll while fat-cat alumni doll their skimmers and toot air horns. It is simple college fun, like stuffing Volkswagens, streaking around the history building or electing a gnu campus queen.

But above all the tournament presents the kind of basketball that tickles the palate of a box-score gourmet. Last week the ACC staged its annual spring feast in Greensboro, N.C., taxing the city's ice-making machines and providing a venue for every backwoods huckster with something to sell and a story to tell. While frivolous fans raced up and down motel hallways in search of their lost youth, Greensboro Coliseum began to look like a discount store. On sale were everything from beanbag chairs to barbecued chicken, blankets to megaphones, bumper stickers to buttons, all guaranteed to have been touched once by a player on your favorite team.

Out of this hysteria emerged North Carolina State, which won the title and an NCAA berth last Saturday night by beating Maryland 103-100 in overtime, making it the third straight year the Terrapins have been runner-up. The game was indescribably delicious. N.C. State shot 55% from the floor while Maryland hit 61% and the teams played with the fury of neighbors who feel that just because they live on the same block, they don't have to be polite.

At 5'5½" Monte Towse is short enough to duck under a turnstile, but with six seconds left he was the little big man, making two free throws to give State an invincible three-point edge. It was the 26th victory for the No. 1-ranked Wolf-

*Working steadily inside, Burleson played the game of his life, hitting for 28 points*



*Nipping Maryland in overtime North Carolina State won the ACC and a shot at the national championship*

by BARRY McDERMOTT



pack, which has lost only once in 54 games in two seasons. But this one was not easy, and there were several moments when State was perilously close to watching the NCAA tournament from house seats in Greensboro. Early in the first half Maryland led by 13 points, and though State caught and passed the Terrapins before the intermission, Maryland recovered to lead by five.

The second half was always close. State was ahead 97-93 late in the game but Maryland tied the score with just over a minute to play. When State tried to hold the ball for one last shot, Maryland stole it away and did the same. With nine seconds remaining Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell called time-out to put in a play, but a frenzied Wolfpack defense kept Maryland from getting off a reasonable shot. The Terrapins had other chances in the overtime period, but when Towe calmly dropped both free throws, the game was over.

The victory climaxed a personal vendetta for Tommy Burleson, the occasionally maligned, frequently gawky 7'4" North Carolina State center who is so thin that he wears a wrist band up near his elbow. Burleson was snubbed this year by all-conference team selectors. They must have felt like eating their balloons after Tall Tommy scored 38 points, grabbed 13 rebounds and blocked a handful of shots.

Three ACC teams—North Carolina State, Maryland and North Carolina—were ranked in the Top Ten. And just thinking about that was enough to make their fans sing a school song. Maryland was led onto the court for each game by a zealot wildly waving the state flag. A Carolina fan held up a picture of a skunk whenever a referee's call offended him. And Governor James Holshouser Jr. alternated wearing a blue blazer at North Carolina games and a red one for N.C. State appearances. The Wolfpack had by far the easiest route to the finals because of its first-mound hie, a reward for winning the conference regular-season title. The team needed only a good half against Virginia to get there while Maryland had the unenviable task of beating three state teams, Duke, North Carolina and North Carolina State, in Greensboro, on three straight days, with everybody from the dogcatcher to the governor rooting against the Terrapins.

State Coach Norm Sloan and Maryland's Driesell tried different tactics for the

big game. Driesell and his assistant, Dave Pritchett, looked like men on their way to collapse. Lefty's motel room wall was papered with diagrams, statistics and memos, and on Friday night he stayed up until 5 a.m. looking at films of North Carolina State. "I don't think they have had three hours sleep this week," said Forward Tom McMillen. "You don't get tired when you're playing for a national championship," said Driesell.

Sloan, meanwhile, had the demeanor of a hen sitting on a golden egg, spending all day Saturday sleeping. But after beating Maryland, he candidly admitted a couple of mistakes that almost cost the victory. "I don't even know what happened late in the game," he muttered. It was Driesell who came up with the nifty strategy. He moved 6'2" Mo Howard onto State's 6'4" superstar, David Thompson, brought little Billy Hahn off the bench, and used a three-guard attack. Thompson did not score in overtime, but unfortunately for Maryland, Burleson and Towe did. Later, the partisan crowd booed Driesell when he started to take his team off the floor before the presentation ceremony. Driesell was piqued at having to watch North Carolina State cut down the nets. He said he had seen the act before.

State Coach Sloan sports a net necklace.



CONTINUED



**T**here is an old priest's tale concerning the graduate of a certain Midwestern university who went to the big city seeking his fortune, but instead dropped out, freaked in, affected the ways of the counterculture and shuffled around mumbling "dig it" a lot. About this pseudo-hippie, it was prophesied that he could wear all the beads and headbands he wanted, but he would never get the Notre Dame out of him.

As college basketball's best teams dwindled down to a precious few last week, it became abundantly clear, even as the UCLA Bruins finally rid themselves of the Oregon, the Oregon States and the tenacious, terminal USC demons from their own Pacific Eight conference, that the question remained whether they, too, have got the Notre Dame out of them. Or the North Carolina State. Or, for that matter, the various puzzling performances that have marred one more otherwise brilliant season.

It was in Kansas City exactly a decade ago that the Bruins began this most awesome of dynasties, but as they have struggled this season in defense of an eighth straight championship they have taken on the personalities of more strange beings than even little Regan could muster. Is it simply a kind of Seven Year Itch? Or is it that, in this era of exorcism, some obsessive Captain Howdy is still lingering inside the men from UCLA screaming, "Take me." In either case, as the 35th grand old NCAA tournament gets underway, the fact is that somebody just might.

Before it was discovered midway through the season that Coach John Wooden was not born in a manger and that Bill Walton did not drink molten lava for breakfast after sill, UCLA was a mystique as much as a team, a source of terror in the mind as well as a creator of havoc on the court. Then Notre Dame ended UCLA's 88-game winning streak, and later the two mediocre Oregon schools upset the Bruins within 19 hours. The chill was gone. Suddenly, UCLA was a gingerbread house, and the critics nibbled away.

The UCLA offense was too predictable, they said. The press was a fraud and didn't work anymore. The guards could not shoot or penetrate. The cheerleaders

*That not-so-jolly red-haired giant, Bill Walton, rises a rebound away from a cluster of mortals.*

# BUT UCLA IS SNARLING

*Announcing the return of the beastly Bruins, who last week destroyed USC to prove they are ready to prolong their reign* by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

were pregnant. Walton was bothered by a back injury. He had become passive from transcendental meditation and weak and docile because of his vegetarian diet.

Last Saturday night, however, Mahareshi Billy came out snortin' and snarl'n' and dancin' his number all over the Trojan heads, leaving little doubt that he and his mates are ready for the ultimate challenge again. In a masterful display of defense, UCLA held USC to four baskets in the first half and roared to a 47-13 margin as Walton, in full cry, had 20 points and 16 rebounds. The rest of the 82-52 contest was almost as brutal, and if it did anything besides sewing up another Pac Eight title and humiliating the crosstown rival, it was justifying the goodness of limas, carrots and okra.

"Doctors tell me animals must eat meat to be killers," Wooden said the day before the slaughter. "But not all do. Baboons go for fruit."

Wooden did not mean to imply he was running a simian operation instead of the same marvelous basketball machine everybody has come to love and hate, but he surely would like to make another monkey show out of the tournament. Still, the presence in the field of Notre Dame and North Carolina State would seem to preclude that possibility. The particular moments featuring this long-awaited ménage à trois of a denouement—a fourth outfit undoubtedly will show up just to fill out the table—has to wait on the finals at Greensboro, March 23-25. But in the meantime there should be spirited competition this week in the four regional sites at Tucson, Tulsa, Tuscaloosa and Raleigh.

Bearing in mind that at any moment your favorite team could be kidnapped, arrested, indicted, impeached or brought before Judge Serica, here is an analysis of what might happen along the way.

**The West:** Two familiar names are missing from this regional, Weber State, which failed to qualify in the Big Sky, and Long Beach State, which failed on

land, sea and in the sky to get past the NCAA infractions committee. For the 49ers, who had their best team in history and the freshman of the year in Cliff Pondexter, it was a bitter pill. But they are no more saddened than the customers will be who have to witness a massacre in the desert.

As a measure of the strength here, there are three teams that lost to the likes of Western Kentucky, Seton Hall and Stetson. They should pass the hat for this crew.

The first impostor to test UCLA will be Dayton, which has already traveled 23,000 miles mostly on the sawtooth shoulders of Guards Don Smith and Johnny Davis. They combined for 42 points in the Flyers' first-round victory over L.A. State while converted Guard Mike (Sly) Sylvester got another 30. In past weeks Dayton fans have chanted, "NIT! NIT!" at home games, but Coach Don Donoher opted for the big tournament, then beat Notre Dame to finish the regular season. "I may have potatoes in my head," said Donoher. During its recent doldrums, UCLA has been using more and more people—most notably the quicksilver messenger, Andre McCarter, who should be more than enough to offset Dayton's backcourt speed and get the Bruins to the winner of the San Francisco-New Mexico contest.

This is another puzzle, for early on the Dons lost five straight games and seemed to have left their hearts in Sausalito, while all New Mexico did was survive another wacky schedule in the WAC and finally win the league on a play the Lobos call the "blind-pig route."

San Francisco is a versatile and dangerous outfit, but its stars, Kevin Restani and Phil Smith, have been erratic. New Mexico, on the other hand, is more balanced and even tends to play defense in a league where, if you don't score 800 points a game, you must be a cactus.

The Lobos have had one player accused of shoplifting, another of stealing a bicycle—prompting a third to ask Coach Norm Ellenberger, "Does the

probation officer come with us on the road?"—but they are a relentless group familiar with the Tucson floor. Ellenberger, a flamboyant sort, will bring his low-neckline bodysuits and his lucky squash-blossom necklace from the Jicarilla Apache tribe, and he will probably get by San Francisco. Against the Bruins, though, the entire Apache nation might not be enough.

**The East:** It is not stretching a point to say that there will be three men in Raleigh who honestly have had better years

*continued*



than UCLA's Walton. One is Billy Knight of Pittsburgh, who is the most underrated player in college. Another is Marvin Barnes of Providence who, when he remembers not to loaf, is nearly as intimidating as the big redhead. The third, of course, is David Thompson, who—let this heresy stand—should have been voted Player of the Year both on performance and for withstanding the spectacle of Coach Norm Sloan's vibrant haberdashery while continuing to play like a genius.

Pittsburgh is a deceptive, mature bunch of opportunists who were looking forward to avenging one of three regular-season defeats, by South Carolina. Instead Furman beat the Panthers to it. Coach Joe Williams' tall Paladins, who had their own grudge to settle with the Gamecocks (Frank McGuire would not schedule them), achieved a sweet upset in the Palestra when Clyde Mayes became a rebounding fool and Furman's weak "layup defense" tightened for a 75-67 victory.

The Paladins are strong on the boards where Pitt is not, but when Knight, Mickey Martin and Lew Hill, among other Panthers, are on their game, they outsmart the enemy and make a team like Furman look bad.

The result here should be academic, however, because the key to the East is in the meeting between Barnes and Kevin Stacom of Providence and Thompson and Tom Burleson of N.C. State.

These are old friends, teammates from the World University Games who are chafing to get at each other. "We'll have our hands full," Barnes said after the Friars decked Penn. Bad Marvin is right.

He has had a wondrous year in which he has carried the team above its rightful level during those times that Stacom wasn't saving the day with last-minute heroics. But it is probably asking too much of this pair to beat the Wolfpack in its lair.

For one thing, the Friars do not have a power forward, and Barnes says he will have to guard Thompson. This would leave Burleson open in the middle, where Penn's John Engles had a field day last week. Ultimately, for Providence to upset State, Barnes will have to stay down under, and Stacom must have a dazzling night while Thompson and company are suffering post-ACC letdown. The Friars are just one little Italian guard short of being able to pull it off.

The Midwest: This is the regional that came in from the cold. Originally nobody wanted it. Now nobody can win it. Transferred from New Mexico State to Wichita State to Kansas State, the games were finally put down at Oral Roberts and then—surprise!—the Titans were invited to play.

The fact is the champion here ought to mail in its scores to Greensboro. Louisville is too small. Kansas is too slow. Creighton is too white. And Oral Roberts—well, this is not a year to get the Devil ticked off.

"The Lord meant ORU to play in Tulsa," orated Oral himself after somebody up there put a hate on Syracuse and gave the Titans an 86-82 overtime win by virtue of missed Orange free throws.

Roberts had long since forced Coach Ken ("Ah'm not scientific; Ah jest want mah gahs shootin' 50 tahms a half")

Trickey into resigning. Then big Guards Sudden Sam McCants and Al Boswell came through with flashy seasons, and ORU became a spectacular freak show of offense.

On the other end of the floor, though, the team is godforsaken. An equally fast opponent with discipline can get all the three-footers it wants, and that's the scenario Louisville hopes to follow.

Coach Denny Crum's Cardinals have the finest gang of flyers since the Walendas, featuring rookie Wesley Cox, a 6'5" center, and Bill Butler, a 6'11" forward, on the high wire. Allen Murphy is Sudden Sam's equal as a shooter, and Louisville's Junior Bridgeman will be the best player on the floor. But a run 'n' gun affair might take too much out of the winners for them to recover enough for a physical tussle with, probably, Kansas.

The Jayhawks are not a lock to defeat Creighton, the tournament light-horse, which is well-coached, poised and has traveled everywhere but to the Golan Heights under the reins of Eddie Sutton. But Kansas, with pivots Danny Knight and Rick Suttle muscling inside, Norm Cook and Roger Morningstar scoring from the wings and Tom Kivisto supplying brains in backcourt, has some impressive artillery.

Speaking of which, security guards recently shot a man who threatened to bomb the Maboe Center at Oral Roberts. When the shooting stops this time, the survivor should be Kansas.

The Midwest: A lot of things could have happened in Tuscaloosa. There could have been a kind of rematch of the na-





tional football championship between Alabama and Notre Dame. There could have been a rematch of the national bad-taste-and-obscene-finger-gestures championship between Marquette and Wisconsin. But what is here is simply the best regional of the four—again.

Vanderbilt is in to prove that just because its team looks exactly like the recent Kentucky lives does not mean it will collapse the way the Wildcats did. Marquette is in to prove it can find a more absurd way to collapse than the way it usually does. Notre Dame is in the curious position of possibly facing four teams it has already defeated (Indiana, Marquette, Kansas, UCLA) in order to win the championship. And the Big Ten just barely struggled in after a playoff between Michigan and Indiana.

The Fighting Irish, whose inside-outside Jersey punch of John Shumate and Gary Brokaw helped to destroy Austin Peay and Fly (Air Ball) Williams, would be the favorite over either Big Ten representative. But the problems they pose are not the same.

Indiana at heart is a disciplined unit of windup students who got in trouble late in the season when they began to scatter and run. Against Notre Dame, the Hoosiers would be better served by Quinn Buckner slowing the tempo, Kent Benson posting up and Bobby Knight barking cadence from the bench.

Michigan, on the other hand, cannot go slow. The Wolverines are the year's biggest surprise as Campy Russell blossomed into a leader and freshman Steve Grote brought stability. But Michigan cannot cope on the backboards, and they would meet the end of the road against

the fearsome inside tandem of Shumate and Adrian Dantley.

Unpredictable Marquette which, Al McGuire says, has been "dynamite, then sandpaper," stands a better chance against Notre Dame. A tired Warrior team lost by six to the Irish at South Bend, but rejuvenated Maurice Lucas is working well now underneath with Bo Ellis while Earl (Gosling) Tatum swings everywhere else. And there is always the scratch-your-eyes-out defense.

It is no foregone conclusion that Marquette will advance past Vandy. The Commodores stumbled down the stretch, but they are a finesse aggregation that shoots well, does not foul much and at any time can turn Jan van Breda Kolff loose to shock the competition.

Nonetheless, Notre Dame is prepared for future shock. This is a team that has gone against the toughest schedule of all and won seven games by six points or less; it is blessed with ability at every position. After UCLA won 94-75, Digger Phelps vowed to the Irish, "Get me to Greensboro, and I'll find a way to beat UCLA. I promise you."

UCLA's Wooden is not unaware of the emotionalism inherent in a rubber match. "I really want Notre Dame," he said before USC. And he clenched his fist as he said it.

Both sides are neglecting one barrier to such a meeting. Since East meets West in the NCAA's restructured alignment, North Carolina State would get UCLA first. The Wolfpack would be on home soil playing before more than 15,000 screaming partisans for whom this sport is a gut-wrenching passion play. This time they would be ready.

"I was too high for the first one," David Thompson says of the meeting in which UCLA riddled State 84-66. "I started badly, then just shot to get my touch back." It never came. Hounded by Keith Wilkes, David missed 13 of 20 shots and, even though the UCLA players were astounded at his ability, he considered himself a washout.

This is a different Wolfpack. The weaknesses have been shored up by experience. North Carolina State is deeper than Notre Dame and more versatile than UCLA. Over and above its rivals, the Pack has something left to prove. And it still has Thompson.

"I couldn't believe what the dude was able to do," UCLA's Tommy Curtis said the other day. "It would be a thrill to walk on the floor again with David."

It would be a privilege, too, for a team to have its dynasty ended by him. **END**



# HE'D RATHER BE RED THAN RICH

Capitalist millions do not tempt Cuban heavyweight Teófilo Stevenson. After winning at Munich he spurned the Yankee dollar to remain an amateur, and last weekend he was still punching for fun

by **TEX MAULE**

Just the sight of him is enough to make a grown fight manager cry. No doubt Angelo Dundee dreams about him regularly and he must surely be a steady inhabitant of Duane Bobick's nightmares. The guy stands 6'3" and he weighs 214 pounds—with most of it looming in wide, powerful shoulders, a deep chest and long, heavily muscled arms. Given two, maybe three more years, he probably could become the professional heavyweight champion of the world. But he most assuredly will not.

Last week, at the XII Central American and Caribbean Games in Santo Domingo, Cuba's Teófilo Stevenson whacked out his opposition, a Costa Rican and a Venezuelan, with about as much effort as most men would take to net butterflies. He won the championship of the Games, of course. No one—least of all his opponents—expected anything less. And during the course of the week, Stevenson again was approached by an unidentified U.S. fight promoter with an offer of \$1 million to defect and take up a pro career.

It was an offer Stevenson could refuse; it was, in fact, the second such offer. He had been approached with a million-dollar deal in Munich after winning the

Olympic championship by default over a Rumanian. Stevenson had savagely battered U.S. hopeful Boback in an earlier bout while millions watched on TV and marveled at his powers.

But there is no chance Stevenson will leave Cuba. "No," he said last week, "no, I will not leave my country for one million dollars or for much more than that. What is a million dollars against eight million Cubans who love me?"

Stevenson has a flat, handsome face with high cheekbones, a saub nose and a wide mouth. Just under his right eye there is a faint smudge of darkened skin, a scar that is the only mark he has to show for some 100 amateur bouts, of which he says he has lost only two. No one knows how many fights he has had. He started at 16, figures he fights about 15 times a year and he will be 23 on March 29.

"I like boxing," he said in the Games Village. "My father, he was a boxer when he was a young man, but not so good as me. I have two younger brothers, but they play baseball, and two younger sisters, but they could not be boxers, not."

He laughed at that. On the public-address system, a Dominican band was doing indescribable things to a merengue

and Stevenson wheeled into a few graceful dance steps. Three girls who had come into the Village with the Puerto Rican team watched him, then applauded, and he waved to them. He looked at them for a long moment and smiled, a bit wistfully.

"Oh, well," he said and turned away. "The boxing. I have seen the professionals on the television. For me, I think Muhammad Ali is the best. Even now, I think there are some I could beat. That Canadian. What is his name? Chivalo, Chivalo I could beat. And Oscar Bonavena and Floyd Patterson. The others I am not so sure and I will never know. Maybe it would take time."

It probably would take time. But not a great deal. Bob Surken, head referee for the Games and a veteran of more than 30 years of refereeing amateur bouts, has seen every Olympic heavyweight champion since 1948. A former boxer himself, he is a fine judge.

"Stevenson is the best," he says flatly. "Better than Foreman or Frazier and as good as Ali, but Ali fought as a light heavy in the Olympics. Stevenson has quick hands and he already moves almost as well as Ali—and he's bigger. He is a classic boxer, like all the Cubans. He has a strong jab and a punishing one. He turns his hand over as he punches so he makes contact with his palm down, with all four knuckles at once. He has a tremendous straight right. He doesn't hook much, because the Cubans are taught by Russians, who don't like to hook. But I've seen him hook off the jab and do it very well. He has gained about 10 or 12 pounds since Munich, all of it in the upper body. He's got a neck like a fighting bull."

Stevenson is single and lives in Havana with his parents and brothers and sisters. His life is centered on boxing, but he also is studying electrical engineering and is president of the Havana Communist youth group. He spends considerable time working with youngsters.

"I am not now a very good student," he said. "There are so many things on my mind, most of all the boxing. I would like to win the Olympic championship



Back from oblivion, opponent Vege was relieved to see Stevenson's arm raised in victory.

two more times, in Montreal and in Moscow, then I will devote myself to the studies and to the little ones. That, I think, will be a very good life."

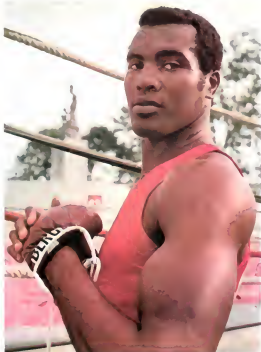
Unfortunately for Angelo Dundee, Teddy Brenner, Bob Arum and the rest of the wheeler-dealers of professional boxing, there is no doubt of Stevenson's sincerity. Although he was born in Jamaica, he is a totally loyal Cuban. He was under no immediate surveillance in his conversations and he could easily have indicated that he would, indeed, be interested in a million dollars. But there was absolutely no hint of that.

Within their enclave in the miniature Games Village, the Cubans were surprisingly easygoing and lighthearted. One afternoon, waiting to begin training, Stevenson stretched out on the tile floor of a porch, rested his head on his duffel bag and dropped off almost at once into a deep sleep. Fifteen minutes later Manuel Gonzales Guerra, the august president of the Cuban Olympic Committee, awakened him by sitting on his middle. Stevenson laughed hugely, got up and feigned a punch at Guerra, then went docilely and efficiently through a strenuous workout.

Two nights later, in the Stadio Eugenio Maria de Hostos, an arena that seems suited more for cockfights than boxing—it seats maybe 1,000 fans uncomfortably on cement benches—Stevenson fought Costa Rican heavyweight Rafael Vega, a much smaller man. From the beginning, Vega attacked wildly, with the hopeless courage of a Christian determined to bite the lion before being eaten.

Stevenson's face, so expressive in conversation, is impassive in the ring. He brushed away Vega's punches easily, using a long left hand, appearing almost lazy and unconcerned. Then he was warned by the referee to mix it up and he nodded.

Stevenson snipped Vega's head back with a lovely long left jab and, in practically the same motion, hooked viciously to the head with his left, leaving the Costa Rican stumbling sideways. Then came the straight right hand, with all the leverage of the height and the wide shoulders, the punch traveling down a little at the smaller man. It caught Vega squarely on the cheek and dropped him as if he had been hit with a baseball bat. When he was finally revived and brought to stand with Stevenson under the pony light of the five small bulbs illuminating



Even more powerful than he was at the Olympics, Stevenson wants two more gold medals.

the ring, Vega looked vastly relieved.

Next man up in the Saturday night finals was Venezuelan Carlos Rivera, almost as big as Stevenson. But he lasted just a bit longer than Vega. Stevenson spent the first round languidly stalking his rapidly retreating adversary, flicking his long left jab more to measure the shooting range than to do any damage. Late in the round he dropped in the right hand behind the jab and staggered Rivera, but the bell rang before he could follow up.

Stevenson came out briskly in the second, obviously ready to clear up the night's work. He jabbed Rivera sharply twice, then swung a short, hard left hook. The punch cut a tight arc under Rivera's guard and thumped home into the belly with the sound of a wet bass drum being struck. When Rivera doubled over in pain, Stevenson hooked again with the left, catching his man on the jaw. Rivera dropped on his back. He tried to get up,

but it was a good 10 minutes before he was strong enough to stand and accept his second-place medal.

When the Games were over, the Cubans had won six gold medals in boxing, plus just about everything in wrestling, track and field, water polo and all other events except swimming. And, satisfied with the show, they pointed out that Stevenson is just one of their good heavyweights.

"Why, we have four or five others almost as good as he is," said one Cuban official. "He has more competition at home than he has here."

One could almost hear the U.S. fight promoters thinking, one could see the shape of their dreams in nights to come. Perhaps all is not lost, Dundee. There may still be hope, Brenner, Arum and all the others. Why, if there are four or five more out there almost as good as Stevenson, maybe just one of them wants a million dollars.

END



## FAMILIAR FACES IN NEW PLACES

*Scores of baseball players traded in the off-season are picking up the thread—and threads—of a different pattern of life in spring training. Here are some of the celebrated in up-to-date surroundings*

**F**or the 80 or so major league baseball players who have joined new teams since the World Series shouts and sighs died away last October in Oakland, it was a time to test the dimensions of a different parcel of space, to finger the letters of a different uniform, to see the spring sun over a different tree, and to cast a glance over the shoulder at the clubs that had cut the cord. This is how it was last week with some of the most notable travelers.

Cocoa, His day's work done, Claude Osteen showered and then selected a sunny spot in the stadium. From there the ex-Dodger pitcher watched his new Houston Astro teammates labor through a

*Expo means "beautiful" to Willie Davis.*



ragged eight-inning intrafamily spat. Mostly he watched the young pitchers, the big, strong kids with live fastballs and fervent hopes that some of their bullets would cross the plate somewhere. He spotted the flaws and filed them away, and later, if he could think of a tactful approach, or if he were asked, he would gently suggest a cure. When the Astros signed Osteen he decided he was going to give them more than just the winningest left arm in baseball.

Osteen watched as a youngster wound up and fired a fastball—behind the hitter. He laughed softly and said, "I was like that once: a thrower. When I threw a curve I never thought about getting it over the outside corner. I just threw it

because the pitch before it was a fastball. It was just something to do. I never really thought why."

One game turned it around for him. That was in 1963, after three nothing seasons with Cincinnati and an 8-13 record with Washington the year before. The 5'11", 173-pound southpaw drew a start against the Yankees, who were still brutish. Hobie Landrith, the Washington catcher, cornered Osteen in the locker room before the game and made him map out a strategy, pitch by pitch, batter by batter, for the whole game. He had never done that before.

That season he finished with nine victories, had 15 the next, and then was off to Los Angeles, where he won 147 in nine

years, including two 20-game seasons.

Last December, just before the start of the winter meetings, the Dodgers told him that he might be traded. He had expected and dreaded it. "There have been Dodgers who were better, but none loved that uniform more, or wore it with more pride," Osteen said.

Shortly thereafter Houston scooped him up for Outfielder Jimmy Wynn. Osteen said it was a pleasant surprise. "Houston has a good young team; they just seemed to lack something."

That something, he quickly discovered, was the ability to get along with Leo Durocher, who was being replaced as manager by Preston Gomez. "That was enough," Osteen said. "I didn't *connect*

*The Sox' Ron Santo wanders who's on third.*



*Powerful Willie McCovey brings an example of sacrifice to those sacrificial lambs, the Padres.*



have to dig any deeper." His first day in camp Osteen observed the players' evident respect for Gomez, and he felt relieved. He went fishing, something he does every day, unless he is playing golf.

The intrasquad game ended and Osteen stared out at the field. "I won 21 games against this club," he said, "and I can't remember many that weren't awful close. If they had been doing then what Gomez is drilling us hard in now—bunting, running more, not waiting for the big hit—I have to believe that some of them might have gone the other way." It was a pleasant thought, and he took it with him fishing.

**YUMA.** Willie McCovey took his final few powerful batting-practice swings and strolled stiff-legged to deepest right field, where in solitude he performed the painful calisthenics that help keep his arthritic knees functioning. It was the finish of a three-hour workout in the punishing Arizona sun and McCovey, a 218-pounder, was breathing heavily.

But even while granting through knee bends, his dignity was intact. He is, above all, a *presence*, and no one appreciates this more than the perennially downtrodden San Diego Padres. Just having him there lends them a distinction they have woefully lacked in their five years of existence.

"They've never had a real star here," said the team's new manager, the amiable John McNamara, who, like McCovey, comes to the Padres from San Francisco, where he had been a coach the past three seasons. "Now we have one who is absolutely first class."

"I know now that the odds are good we'll get some runs," said Pitcher Bill Greif, who won 10 games last year but lost 17. "On our ball club a player like McCovey means as much psychologically as anything else. He is a winner and we have had only a losing tradition here. Lots of times, just expecting to win can make the difference."

McCovey is not the only new Padre with a winning reputation. The team has a new owner in McDonald's hamburger tycoon Ray Kroc; Manager McNamara; new coaches and new proven talent in Matty Alou, Bobby Tolan, Glenn

Beckert and Jim McAndrew, all acquired in off-season trades. But even at 36 and with collapsible knees that could terminate his career suddenly, McCovey is the important figure, the presence.

In 15 seasons with the Giants he hit 413 home runs, many of them of historic distance, and batted in 1,165 runs. He has been the National League's home run champion or co-champion on three occasions, its RBI leader twice, its Most Valuable Player (1969) and its Rookie of the Year (1959).

"I had known for a long time that it would be better for me to play in a warmer climate," he said, removing his sodden yellow uniform in the Yuma clubhouse. "The doctors told me that playing in Candlestick Park on those cold, damp nights was the worst thing possible for my knees. Still, I'd been with the Giants so long they were like a family, and it's always hard to leave a family."

McCovey accepts his responsibilities as team leader with characteristic grace: "What I do is give 100% and hope I'm setting an example. That's why I played so often when I was hurt. I felt the others would see me out there suffering and say to themselves, 'If he can do it, so can I.' We're going to have a winning attitude on this team from now on. I can't say how far we'll go, but I don't think we'll end up last."

And in San Diego, where the team has never finished higher than last, that would be a heroic achievement, one worthy of a Willie McCovey.

**SARASOTA.** The question is: Who's on third? The White Sox incumbent, Bill Melton, was stretched out on the lush outfield grass, his left hand propping up his chin. "I guess I can get into it," Melton began, "by saying that if you happened to live on the North Side of Chicago in the last few years you hated Bill Melton. And if you lived on the South Side you didn't like Ron Santo at all. When I heard that the White Sox had traded for Santo I didn't know what to make of it. I had started as an outfielder and later learned to play third base, even though I didn't get as much work at it as I wanted. You start in baseball with a reputation as a bad fielder and people just won't change their opinion. I think I'm a pretty good third baseman now and that I'm getting better. If I let the fact that Ron is over here disturb me, then I guess I wouldn't

have much faith in my own ability."

The Cubs and White Sox have been playing major league baseball in Chicago forever. Only once before, in 1964, had they ever engaged in a player trade with one another. Then last December the Cubs decided to trade Santo. First they tried to send him to the California Angels but Santo said no, as was his right under the new 10-year rule. So the Sox got into the picture and Santo said yes. Already the club has taken in more than \$1 million in advance ticket sales—following a fifth-place finish. Obviously Santo, an All-Star for the past decade, has something to do with that.

As he finished his day's work sweat streamed down his face. "I am most aware of who Bill Melton is," he said. "When I was at home and the Sox were on the road I would watch him on television all the time. I saw what enthusiasm was doing for the Sox and how they were building an interesting team. There was no way in the world that I could ever put on a Cub uniform again, and I told that to Mr. Wrigley. People talk about loyalty but I guess I learned when it comes time to go, you get going. Yes, I have played second base. It was in a double-header a couple of years ago and I got knocked on my butt making a double play. But I made it."

The White Sox believe that Santo, with his class, ability and competitive flair, can do for them what Red Schoendienst did in 1957 when the Milwaukee Braves traded with the Giants to get him: win a pennant. And the designated hitter rule allows American League teams to send nine batters to the plate every day. Melton and Santo. Every day. In Chicago. And Dick Allen. And . . .

**POMFANO BEACH.** Ferguson Jenkins, another in the Cub exodus—his landing field, the Texas Rangers—was not in a sunny mood. "It was very depressing last year," he said. "I was giving up a lot of home runs and not winning games the way I used to, and suddenly the fans did not appreciate me anymore. They forgot about those years when I always won 20 games for the Cubs. The abuse got so bad I told my wife to stop coming to the ball park."

At the end of the season Jenkins, who had slumped to a 14-16 record after winning 20 or more for six straight years, marched into the Cub front office and asked to be traded. "All I wanted was

*These sketches are the work of William Leggett, Ron Fimrite, Mark Mulroy, Pat Patnam and Jim Kaplan.*

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that they trade me to Detroit or some other city close to my home in Chatham, Ontario," Jenkins said. He did not, of course, get his wish.

Jenkins has suffered from tendinitis in his right shoulder the past two seasons, but he says his arm is sound now. He also believes that the designated hitter rule and the Rangers' heavy schedule of night games will work to his advantage. "Now I won't tire myself out running around the bases, and I won't have to worry about getting down good bunts. Most of all, I'll stay in close games longer than I used to."

In Chicago Jenkins played all his home games in daylight, in Texas the Rangers play only a few day games. "Believe me, day baseball is much harder than night baseball," Jenkins said. "We had to be at the park at 10 a.m. every day in Chicago, and it was a grind. We had to live two different life-styles—one for home, the other for the road. We never could establish eating and sleeping habits. And, of course, it always was hotter at 2 p.m. than 8 p.m."

Jenkins does expect to have some trouble adjusting to the American League's "high" strike zone. "When I'm pitching well," he said, "I keep the ball way down low. In the National League they give the pitcher the low strike, but in the American League I hear they don't. And you know what happens to pitchers who get the ball up around the letters all the time."

Jenkins always was among the National League leaders in gopher balls, mostly because he had a habit of getting the ball up too high in the early innings. "You've got to remember," he said, "that pitching in Wrigley Field was like pitching in a phone booth. It was not a pitcher's ball park, that's for sure. The power alleys are deeper in Texas and the winds aren't so strong, or so I'm told."

Training camp has been a lonely place for Jenkins, who left his car at home and depends upon teammates for rides. He has read both *Serpico* and *The Exorcist*. Now if he can exercise that pitch up around the letters. . .

**FORT MYERS.** The coming of Nelson Briles to the Kansas City Royals is akin to a vision of Snoopy's: Here's the veteran pitcher joining the young ball club. . . Here's the veteran pitcher leading it to the World Series. . . Here's the veteran pitcher standing on the mound

in the seventh game of the World Series, bases loaded, two out, ninth inning, one-run lead. . . Here's the veteran pitcher falling off the mound.

The misfortune of Nellie Briles the veteran pitcher is that there are so many distractions: his broadcasting, his singing, his imminent movie career, his falling off the mound. "My personal record," he said, "is 13 times in one game."

Yet Briles is a pitcher of high achievement, as the Royals will let no one forget. They acquired him from Pittsburgh explicitly to knock off the mighty mustaches from Oakland. "He's a competitor," said Manager Jack McKeon. "I've talked to a lot of people about him. Joe Torre said, 'When you need a big win, give him the ball.'"

St. Louis and Pittsburgh gave him the ball and he won big games in the 1967 and 1971 World Series. And he can go to the bullpen if necessary. In nine years, as Royal Scout Tom Fernick put it, he has "been through the heat."

Briles threw one pitch in his last Pittsburgh start; that time his back went out on him. "We don't want to rush it now," he said. "We want to go North south, even if that means pitching very little down here, because we feel we have a chance to win. The team is young. They're a bunch of guys who for the first time believe in their hearts they have a chance to win. It excites them."

As does Briles. Pittsburgh parted with him after three seasons although he had led the club's starters in all major pitching categories. He had the eighth-best earned run average (2.84) in the National League last season, when his 14-13 record reflected the sub-par Pirate defense. In October Briles stood in the cold at Shea Stadium and sang the national anthem before the fourth game of the World Series. One observer cracked that it may have been the only thing a Pittsburgh pitcher finished all year.

Briles' tenor may now be heard on a Capitol record called *Hey, Hank*. It goes "Hey, Hank. I know you're going to do it, but please don't hit it off me." Now Briles doesn't have to worry.

"It's a new year—new silks for the Clydesdale," said Briles. "That's me; I'm no racehorse."

**DAYTONA BEACH.** One day in late autumn of last year, Willie Davis walked into the plush command quarters of the Los Angeles Dodgers and announced that his

bags were packed, that he had left the engine of his Cadillac running and would they please be so kind as to find him a new home in someone else's center field. "It's not that I'm unhappy here," he said, "it's just that I have decided that I would be happier someplace else. Like in Montreal. The area code is 514."

No one tried to change his mind. Davis would be 34 in a few months and he was making \$100,051.51, and that is a numerical combination that brings out the poddler in Walter O'Malley. The Dodgers had wearied of waiting for Davis to grow up and be Willie Mays. They wanted the Star of India and he came up a few karats short.

Not that the club wasn't good to him. "I had a problem with money," he admitted with a grin that would melt Siberia. "I couldn't hold on to any." He has the fastest legs in the majors, but they never got him past a deck of cards. Or a racetrack. Or a roulette wheel. And his investments always turned out to be something like 100 shares in the Titanic. The club was there to bail him out. Dodger officials were torn by their affection for Willie as a person and their frustrations with him as a player.

Davis' life took a turn in 1972, when he was introduced to Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism by Jeanna, a lovely half-Chinese girl who then was his wife. Members of the sect chant for 30 minutes each morning and evening, and these are periods of extreme introspection. Unhappily, after much individual introspection, Willie and Jeanna decided to split. It was another reason why he wanted out of California.

And so the Dodgers traded him to Montreal for Relief Pitcher Mike Marshall. "Marshall saved a lot of games for us," said Montreal Manager Gene Mauch, "but Davis will save just as many with his glove, maybe more."

"Now I can just be me," said Davis happily. "When I first started I never wanted to be great, to be another Mays. I just wanted to play. But the pressure got to me. One day I would try to be Mural, to hit like him. The next day, Mays. The next, somebody else. I kept trying to be somebody else and I got the short end. Now with Buddhism I've found the real Willie Davis. In Montreal I will have a new life, a new challenge. Now I'm dredging up all my potential, getting the true value out of myself. Everything is beautiful."

END

# HAVING A BALL WITH THE ABA

In his first season, Commissioner Mike Storen has been charging happily around the league talking up the need to have faith in the future. Tenet One: we really can lend Bill Walton by **PETER CARRY**

In 1963, when he decided to pursue a career as a front-office man in professional sports, a choice his schoolmates had foreseen years earlier, Mike Storen was a young, Chicago-based Marine captain nearing the end of a five-year stint in the Corps. Though his only previous experience in big-time athletics—a feeble attempt to play defensive halfback at Notre Dame—had hardly prepared him for the pros, Storen wrote letters of application to every baseball, basketball and football franchise and, typically, remained undiscouraged when the teams that bothered to answer turned him down. Next he seized on a newspaper story that said the National Basketball Association's Chicago entry, then known as the Zephyrs, had sold only 600 season tickets. Storen called the team and hornsqueaked an appointment by introducing himself as "Captain Storen of the United States Marine Corps" and assuring one of the Zephyrs' owners that he had weighty (national security?) matters to discuss.

Of course, the only question of security Storen wanted to talk over was his own. "I marched into his office and told him I had read where he had sold only 600 season seats in the entire city of Chicago," Storen recalls. "Then I guaranteed him that if he'd hire me I'd sell 600 new ones all by myself."

That bold promise impressed the owner enough to offer Storen a job. "I went back to finish my time with the Marines confident that I was all set," Storen says. "Then one morning I read that the Zephyrs were moving to Baltimore. I called to ask where I stood, and was told the team planned to hire all local people in the new city. I asked for another appointment, and when I got there all three of the owners were sitting in a row behind a table and they put me in a straight-backed chair facing them. It was just like a court-martial. 'Baltimore is the Catholic center of America,' I told them. 'This is a Jewish-owned team with absentee ownership. What you men need is a good Catholic boy to sell tickets. Besides, I'm local because my wife's local and very

well known.' I didn't bother to say that Hannah had lived in Baltimore only in 1944 when her father spent a year there working for G.M."

Storen, the owners decided, was just the good Catholic boy they needed. They named him promotion director of the team, now called the Bullets. Since then the Bullets have marched on—to Landover, Md.—and Captain Storen has marched much farther. After Baltimore, he became promotion director and business manager of the Cincinnati Royals. Next he was in on the beginning of the American Basketball Association as vice-president and general manager of the Indiana Pacers. In 1970 he became president-general manager of the Kentucky Colonels. And last September he was named commissioner of the ABA.

Still, no event in the 38-year-old Storen's swift rise to the top better illustrates the reason for his upward mobility than that campaign for a chance to start near the bottom. He was—and is—audacious, nimble-minded, intuitive, ambitious, inventive, aware of demographics, tenacious, self-confident, attuned to what his listeners want to hear and, some say, not entirely unwilling to fudge the truth to give it to them.

The last of these attributes is not among the cardinal virtues as Storen learned them in his Baltimore Catechism, yet it hardly makes him unique these days in pro basketball. Interleague squabbling and double-dealing agents have made a certain flexibility with facts as commonplace as behind-the-back passes. What makes Storen rare among today's pros is that he also has all those other things going for him.

Even Storen's detractors—among them members of the Louisville press who claim he was not forthright with them during his tenure with the Colonels, and Gene Rhodes, a coach whom Storen fired and who later successfully sued him for "libel, slander and breach of contract"—agree that, as commissioner, Storen is the best thing to happen to the ABA since the invention of the red, white and blue basketball.

A widely praised commissioner is unusual these days, but then Storen is a pretty unusual commissioner. He is neither an ex-lawyer, an ex-general nor an ex-mayor. In fact, he is not an ex-anything, since his sport is the only profession he has ever seriously pursued. He does not have the year-round sunniness of football's Pete Rozelle or the Eastern Es-



tablishment appearance of baseball's Boone Kuhn, who comes complete with a touch of dignified gray about the temples. Storen has very little gray at his temples and even less hair on top. He is built thick and low to the floor, as any Michigan City, Ind. high school football player is apt to be 20 years later. He has beaversh front teeth, which he flashes when he lets loose with one of his frequent yuk-yuk laughs.

Storen's wife Hannah, a forceful, striking-looking woman who married him while he was still a Marine, says, "I didn't marry Mike for his looks or his money. I married him because he's so decisive, because he's a brilliant

salesman and because he's so lovable."

Lovable? He has fined franchises and coaches, suspended referees, ordered protested games to be replayed, startled at owners and sired nestlesome problems that most commissioners would choose to ignore. But, however prickly he is, the ABA is finding that it, too, can love Mike Storen, largely because he offers the league something it seemed to have lost just a few months ago: the chance, perhaps even the will, to survive.

The qualifications of the four commissioners the ABA has had in its seven years have paralleled the changing needs of the league. George Mikan was the first and, as one of basketball's most

renowned figures, was able to persuade wealthy investors of the potential in ABA franchises. But as soon as the league began operating, Mikan was out of his element. The ABA wobbled along for two seasons under his direction before the owners decided that a different sort of specialist was needed. Recalling the American Football League, they figured a lucrative national TV contract would prop up the ABA until other factors—primarily battles over players and the resulting drastic increase in payrolls—would compel the NBA to agree to a merger. And a merger is what the ABA has always been about.

So the owners hired CBS Director of  
*continued*

STOREN DID NOT INVENT THE TRICOLOR BALL BUT HIS PROMOTION CHANGED THE ABA SYMBOL FROM NATIONAL JOKE TO BESTSELLER



Sports Jack Dolph. Five months after he took office the ABA presented its first nationally televised games. But what the owners did not realize—although Dolph most certainly did—was that the networks were not about to pay anywhere near as much to televise a basketball league whose market areas included Hampton, Va. and Raleigh, N.C. as they were to telecast AFL football, a more popular sport played in more populous cities.

Disappointed by the low TV income, the ABA's owners eased Dolph out in 1972. Their next choice was dictated by two considerations. One was Storen's unwillingness to take the job then and the other was an event that had occurred during Dolph's tenure. With payrolls soaring and the NBA facing a multi-million-dollar antitrust suit filed by the ABA, the two leagues agreed to seek congressional approval of a merger. So New York corporate lawyer Bob Carlson, a man with close ties to the NBA and a Kuhnsque appearance likely to impress Senators, was named commissioner, mainly to handle the ABA's complex legal affairs.

In September 1972, only a short time after Carlson took office, a merger bill was reported out of a Senate committee. It was put together to please the owners, ended up not pleasing the Senators or the players and died without coming to a vote. When Congress reconvened in 1973 another merger bill was presented to the Senate. It also died, and Carlson resigned last August.

When Storen took over he found a league with no merger prospects, no TV contract, not enough income and even less morale. His only assets were teams which, although not as good as the NBA's best, were more closely competitive. Storen also had five fairly solid franchises, ownership so distraught that it was willing to accept strong leadership, and his own skill as an operator.

Operating has always been Storen's business. As a youngster he was pitched out of the Boy Scouts after the basketball team he organized won the local Scout championship. Storen had not been satisfied to field a squad of knotters, so he picked up a few outsiders who were great going to their left but did not know a tenderfoot from a tenderloin. In each of the ABA's seasons either Indiana or Kentucky, the two teams he built, has led the league in attendance. The

Pacers have won three of the six ABA championships and the Colonels were in the playoff finals two of the three years Storen was in Louisville. He accomplished this by organizing tightly and spending freely, while many other ABA teams tried to scrape by with a minimum of both.

Storen's expansiveness in competing for talent cost Indiana and Kentucky dearly at first, but both teams may break even this year, no small feat in the debt-ridden ABA. He is so strong an advocate of spending to start a franchise rolling that in the ABA's second season, when the Pacer directors refused to come up with the \$100,000 needed to buy Center Mel Daniels' contract, Storen and two of the club's other officers were prepared to raise the money themselves. Impressed, the board reversed its decision.

That, in fact, is just about the only kind of decision Storen would allow his teams' owners to make. Pacer and Colonel investors were not allowed in the dressing rooms, were barred from the press table, could not talk to the coach about personnel, were prohibited from fraternizing with the players except at parties thrown for that purpose by Storen and were not allowed to speak for the organization.

All of which left Storen to run things as he pleased. And he pleased not only to make decisions such as which players to sign, but to delve into minutiae as well. His staff was told precisely how the statistics distributed to the press should be typed and how the ball boys should be dressed. There was an edict for this and a system for that, all designed to enhance the game, to make sure it went off like clockwork and, maybe, make fans feel better if the contest itself was inept. If his aides did not do everything just the way Storen wanted it, he let them know about it on evaluation forms he obtained from the Marine Reserve.

The system worked, but only in those areas which Storen could control. One that he could not was the Kentucky press. Coming from Indianapolis, where the newspapers had been cheerleaders for the Pacers, Storen ran head on into the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of the nation's most respected and independent dailies, its sister paper the *Times* and their executive sports editor, Earl Cox. A cool early relationship became downright icy two months into Storen's first season with Kentucky when he fired Gene Rhodes as coach. The papers backed the

coach, a local favorite who had been doing a moderately successful job, and began to present a generally villainous image of Storen to Colonel fans. Storen began getting obscene calls and letters. One day Mark Storen, then seven years old, answered the phone and heard an anonymous caller threaten his life and the lives of his sister, brother and dog.

At first Storen claimed he dropped Rhodes because he did not have a "big enough name." Later he said he did not want to give his real reasons because they would do the coach "irreparable damage" (Rhodes eventually sued Storen and the Colonels for \$2,050,000—asserting that this insinuation itself had damaged him—and won the case in an out-of-court settlement.) Throughout this period Storen had been telling the press off the record that he had had to fire Rhodes because he was a "bigot," a charge Rhodes denies, although Storen surely believed it to be true.

Storen's battles with the Louisville press continued throughout his stay in Kentucky. Last year, for instance, Cox wrote to Colonel star Dan Issel offering him space for an exposé on what was wrong with the team. Storen, in turn, invited *Times* Reporter Jim Terhune to do a story in the Colonels' program on what was wrong with his paper's sports department.

Cooler heads in the local press viewed these shenanigans with amusement until last spring when rumors of the sale of the Colonels were heard in Louisville. Instead of admitting that the transaction was in the works or simply not commenting, Storen denied that any sale was being considered. "That's when the bloom came off Mike's rose as far as I was concerned," says one Louisville reporter. "This is one case where he clearly wasn't telling the truth."

The franchise was sold in April to a Cincinnati group, and a few weeks later controlling interest was resold to a former Louisville owner, John Y. Brown Jr. Brown put the team in his wife's name and, in Storen's view, indicated that he intended to run the club his way. "There was no use fighting it," Storen says. "He owned the team, and if he wanted to run it, he'd run it. Since I can't work under those conditions, I decided to quit." Storen, who still regards operating a franchise as the most interesting job in sports, thus was free to become commissioner and, to no one's surprise, accept



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ed the post less than two months later.

Predictably, he has approached his new job with zeal. He has a corned beef on rye at his desk every day instead of taking the long luncheon breaks of his predecessors. He has remained accessible, steadfastly refusing to get an unlisted telephone number (nor did he even after the threats in Kentucky). And he has appeared unconcerned about whose toes he treads on.

He began his commissionership by threatening to seize the Memphis franchise from the grasp of no less than Charles O. Finley. With a general manager and coach of his own choosing ready to swoop down the Mississippi, and with the backing of the league's other owners, Storen told Finley to begin operating his team in a "visible" manner or the ABA would take it away from him, something no league has ever done on grounds other than bankruptcy. Charlie O. promptly hired a coach and office staff, and when the exhibition season opened a few days later the Tams were, in a manner of speaking, ready to operate. By that time Storen had embarked on a 24,000-mile jaunt around the league, visiting every franchise, talking to every player, meeting with every front-office person from presidents to radio announcers and secretaries, letting those working in the ABA know that the league was alive and that he intended to make it liveable.

Since then no one in the ABA can be in doubt that Storen at least is alive. He removed the numbers from the referees' jerseys and eliminated pregame introductions of officials, hoping to reduce the volume of personal insults and to remind the officials, many of whom came from the NBA at substantial cost to the ABA, that though they are highly paid, they are still mere adjuncts to the game. His league memo No. 572 outlined—complete with a diagram—the formations in which players, coaches and trainers should stand during the national anthem. "Each individual will stand at attention at a 45-degree angle facing the flag," it reads in part. It has since been enforced by fines against teams that risked more casual postures.

Storen seems to enjoy making those high-visibility decisions that most commissioners apparently shun because they are edgy about public relations. In November he suspended Indiana Coach Slick Leonard, a penalty that had never before been levied against a pro basket-

ball coach. He suspended Referee Jimmy Clark for overreacting in a tense game and ejecting a player without sufficient cause. He ordered the replaying of the closing seconds of a Spurs-Pacers game that had been protested by San Antonio. The NBA had existed for 24 seasons before its first protest was honored.

In the Leonard case—he had rolled a ball rack at an official during a game in Indianapolis—Storen had received word of the incident, personally accepted the referees' reports, talked by phone with other witnesses, tried to hunt down films or videotapes of the game, which ultimately proved unavailable, ordered Leonard and the Pacer president to fly to New York, held a hearing and pronounced sentence (\$1,000 fine and a two-day suspension) all by 11 p.m. on the day after the game. By contrast, when NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy fined and suspended Chicago's Dick Motta in January, he waited nearly two weeks to render his decision and chose to announce it before the assembled media at his league's All-Star game in Seattle. Kennedy then told the press it could no longer call him a wishy-washy commissioner, an epithet that is never likely to be applied to Storen.

Recently Storen vetoed Virginia's sale of high-scoring George Gervin to San Antonio on grounds that the Squires, which are up for sale, would be rendered almost talentless and fanless by the deal. Virginia partisans already were disgruntled over the number of high-salaried players—Rick Barry, Julius Erving and Charlie Scott among them—unloaded by Owner Earl Foreman. But, as in the case of the Kentucky papers, Storen was up against forces he could not control. The Spurs challenged his action in a Texas court and it ruled Storen had overstepped his authority, a most uncommissioner-like faux pas. Last week an injunction was issued that ordered Gervin to remain in San Antonio.

Unfortunately, in the struggling ABA energetic leadership in day-to-day operations is not enough. Storen's chief accomplishment has been to persuade the owners to forget merger and big TV money for the moment and at least pay lip service to the idea that the ABA must upgrade its product and be ready to go it alone indefinitely.

"It really hasn't been very hard to do," Storen says. "In the last seven years all our owners have at one time or another

tried to work out a deal with the NBA. Each of them has walked around dreaming of the big story naming him as the man who made the merger. Now they know it's not easy. The NBA's not going to do us any favors and there's no benevolent TV network waiting to finance us. They know that our product is the only thing we've got going for us and that we've put it together without outside help. We've shown that we can sign good players without a lot of TV money and that the only way we can get better is to do more of the same."

While Storen talks of improvement for improvement's sake, others in his league view the implications differently. "The most important problem he has is still the merger with the NBA," says Denver's Alex Hannum. "And I believe his approach is just right for us. Storen wants to build our league to be the strongest. Then he can negotiate with the NBA as an equal."

Indeed, the tactics Storen says the ABA will employ sound a good deal more like those used by AFL Commissioner Al Davis in the last days of the football war than a plan for peaceful co-existence. The ABA has reinstituted its \$300 million antitrust suit against the NBA. It also may move some franchises into better TV markets, an ill-advised maneuver that will mean going against established NBA teams on their home turf. And for the first time since 1970 the ABA will go after established NBA players. "We will have exploratory contract talks with lots of their men," Storen says. "Whether we'll sign none, six or 10 of them will depend on how things work out. But you can be sure of one thing: we'll do this in a serious, orderly way."

Another thing the ABA will be going after in an orderly way is the best college talent, specifically UCLA's Bill Walton. According to Storen, the pursuit of good rookies will be orchestrated from the ABA office, and that could make for some very interesting music. The last time a "league-saving" player became eligible for the pros (Lew Alcindor in 1969) Storen and several of his associates set up a research project that included sending psychologists posing as newspapermen to interview Alcindor to determine the best way to sign him. Their report, a startlingly accurate assessment of Alcindor's character, was ignored. When the ABA made a grandstand play instead of a serious offer, whatever chance the new

*continued*

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STOREN continued

league had to sign Alcindor—and it had a good chance—disappeared.

Although the fact that no top UCLA player has ever signed with the ABA puts the league at a substantial disadvantage in Walton's case, it has some advantages beyond Stoen's savvy. Walton has already stated that he does not want to play for a team outside Southern California. The ABA has reportedly offered him the option of playing in his hometown, San Diego, or for a new team that would be set up for him in Los Angeles. It is also rumored that Walton would be able to bring along several of his teammates in a package deal.

The NBA draft rights to Walton most likely will go to Philadelphia or Portland. Already people close to the Lakers have confidently decided that if the NBA hopes to prevent Walton from signing with the ABA, it will have to find some way to slip his draft rights to Los Angeles. This could be a two-edged solution. Since it dropped the territorial draft in 1965, the NBA has attempted to project the image of a mature nationwide league that makes no special accommodations for local stars. If the NBA breaches that policy for Walton, even under the guise of trading his rights for several Laker players, the team for which he was supposed to play would face a serious public relations problem. In addition, other players, including veterans, might demand similar concessions. The NBA also could be in trouble because of the ABA's antitrust suit. The suit alleges that NBA teams have violated their own drafting procedures (by pooling resources, for example) in order to recruit players who otherwise might have signed with the ABA and that they therefore have acted in illegal concert to run the new league out of business. Evidence of any concerted action in the Walton case would be Exhibit A for the ABA when its suit reaches court.

If the ABA were to sign Walton—and its chances are not good—the new war could turn into a brief skirmish, with merger to follow. This would make Stoen's commissionership, like Al Davis', a brief one. It might even make his mother stop asking, "When are you going to quit fooling around and go to work for a real company?" and oblige her to accept the adolescent wisdom of Stoen's 1953 high school yearbook, which said of him: "Sports are his meat." Maybe his potatoes, too.

END

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## SLAUGHTER ON SOUTH ISLAND

For years the New Zealand government has considered the deer a pest. Now gunship meat hunters, answering the clamor for venison, may send the buck the way of the buffalo

by ROBERT F. JONES

Until quite recently, the Fiordland National Park of New Zealand's Southern Alps was a kind of high-rise heaven for outdoorsmen. The park's three million mountainous acres offered something spectacular and soul-satisfying to everyone with a taste for rugged activity: sheer cliffs and ice-topped 8,000-foot peaks for the mountaineer; year-round sking on the countless glaciers; clear, tumbling trout streams aboil with rainbows and browns as long as a man's leg; and more big game, it seemed, than an army of hunters could kill in two lifetimes. Alas, no more. Today a pall of doom hangs over the country, compounded of gunsmoke, gasoline fumes and the reek of flyblown deer guts.

After an intensified five-year, government-backed campaign to eradicate New

Zealand's big-game herd, Fiordland has turned into a nightmarish battleground, an antipodean cross between the late air war in Vietnam and the slaughter of the American buffalo herd a century ago. More than 50 helicopters flap the slopes, carrying hunters who zap red deer, tuft and chamois at point-blank range with telescopically sighted military rifles. Since the meat has sold to the West German venison market for as much as \$1.60 a pound, unbridled competition among the chopper operators has produced a rash of sabotage and skinned knuckles galore. It may soon result in open aerial warfare.

Just as the sight of circling vultures over the fertile game plains of East Africa evokes a visceral sense of malaise in paradise, so does the presence of the meat

hawks alter the mood of Fiordland. Every day, regardless of season or weather, float planes and big transport helicopters take off from the bustling resort town of Te Anau, on the park's eastern border, with tons of freshly killed meat. The image of 10 or 12 deer, open-bellied and round-eyed in death, dangling from a chopper's cargo hook, the stags still in velvet, the birds with their unborn young tucked efficiently in their eviscerated body cavities, has stolen much of the joy from the country. Recently an English tourist stood on the neat lawn of the Te Anau Hotel and watched a chopper flail past with its grisly cargo. He shook his continued

**SEARCHING** for animals stampeded by the roar of their helicopter, pilot and sharpshooter east toward the slopes and point-blank range





#### SLAUGHTER *continued*

head sadly. "I was planning a two-day outing on the Milford Track, along with a spot of fly-fishing, you know," he said. "But now I don't know. It would be like backpacking through an abattoir."

Nonetheless, just as most hunters of today would like to have witnessed the great buffalo stands of a century ago to see how it looked when hundreds of the huge, shaggy beasts dropped to a single rifle, to feel the kick of the Sharps and smell the stink of the burning black powder, there is a compulsion to witness this slaughter—which may well be the last great hunt of human history. Moral and ecological considerations aside, it would be bloody exciting.

Deaker picked me up in front of the Te Anau Hotel at 4:30 a.m. The lake was dead flat. You could see the reflections of the snow peaks on the water, and the medicinal reek of the blue gum trees came sharply through the cold spring air. Too pretty a day for death, I thought. Deaker was driving a hattered, faded Hummer sedan with kiddy toys wedged under the seats. Strange transportation for a man who grosses \$7,500 a day, any day he can fly. Deaker hunched over the wheel as we drove to the helicopter pad. A tall, thin young man with apple cheeks and curly dark hair, a shy demeanor, 28

**FLEEING** up the slope to a quide-de-us, three frightened deer scramble in vain for safety.

years old with a wife and two sons, Cyril Richard Deaker, meat hunter. His friends call him Dick.

"I used to leave the helicopter at the pad south of town," he apologized, "but then we had this bloody business of the sabotage, you see. One bloke found sand in his motor—while he was flying, mind you—and we had two aircraft burned just last month in the hangar. The competition among the venison companies is getting a bit out of hand. Now I leave the helicopter in my neighbor's backyard. Sleep sounder that way."

The chopper was a Hiller 12E, dirty white with the words "Alpine Helicopters Ltd." stenciled on the tail. The rotor tips were painted Day-Glo orange, the better to spot them in case of a crash. The Piesglus hubble was perky with the morning dew, and a set of deer's feet lay beaded and stiff in the webbing of the side skids. They sell the forelegs of the deer for gun and hat racks. Indeed, they sell all of the deer except the guts. The meat goes for 75¢ a pound right now—half the price I sold for a few months ago, before cheaper Russian, Scottish and East German venison entered the European market. Since the stags are all at velvet now, it being New Zealand's spring, the hunters have a bonus: Asians prize the velvet of the red deer as an aphrodisiac, and pay \$15 a pound for it. Deer tails are also favored on the aphrodisiac

market. The "tusks" of the stags—those two upper teeth that Americans know only as "elk's teeth"—find a good market in the U.S. Even the unborn fawns are marketable. Their meat is tender, and their silky hides make fine leather for purses, gloves and ties.

Deaker lights off the engine and the big, bright rotors begin their hollow flapping. Ominous, I think. But why? Then the connection comes: Vietnam and the gunships. When the engine is sufficiently warm, Dick lifts off and hovers over me. I snap a line attached to a 44-gallon gasoline drum into the hook on the chopper's belly, then scramble onto the skid and into the hubble as Deaker powers up, up and away into the mountains. The earth recedes at a frightening rate. This chopper, I know, is capable of only 80 mph flat-out, but its rate of climb, like that of all its cousins, is conducive to acrophobia. We flop-flap our way up Lake Te Anau, trout are rising in the glassy bays. At the estuary of the Eglington River we drift down over meadows gaudy with lupine—pink, purple, yellow—and drop the gas drum on a dirt road, next to a Land Rover.

"My shooter and his pal are just up the road," Dick said as we refueled the helicopter. "They're probably foot hunting. That's how it all begins, you know, with foot hunting—these blokes would just pack a water bottle and a rifle back into the hush and knock down maybe 20 deer a day. Then when the market for meat started to go up they went to

**WITH THE CHOPPER TILTED AT A TRICKY ANGLE, A HUNTER LINES UP HIS QUARRY**



Land Rovers, then jet boats, then fixed-wing aircraft, and now it's gotten to helicopters."

We heard a couple of shots up the road. Distant and distant, the echoes bounced back from the forested faces of the Earl Mountains just north of us.

"That'll be Sid and Gary," Deaker said. "I'll just pop up there and pluck their deer."

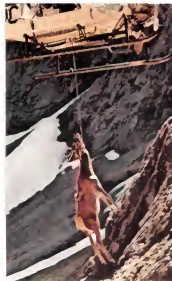
No question about it, I thought. Two shots, two deer. These men must be good with a rifle. As Deaker sloped off, I rehearsed what I knew of the history of this slaughter.

Like all lonely colonists far from home, the early Kiwis (as New Zealanders call themselves in honor of their famous bird) had the best of intentions when they introduced the European red deer to their islands back in 1851. In those days, though, the concept of natural balance was only dimly perceived. Since there were no predators save man on the islands, and the men were too few and too busy to have much effect on the red-deer herd, the animals promptly went on a procreative binge that ultimately revealed that of the infamous rabbits of Australia. Along with such other introduced species as the American wapiti, the sambar, sika and rusa deer of Asia, chamois from the Swiss Alps and the shaggy Himalayan goat known as tahr, the red deer were soon thought of as pests. They all competed with sheep for grazing land, and their nonstop gnawing along the steep uplands soon caused extensive erosion.

**FLAILING** rotors transport a dead deer from where it was shot to an open ridge for gutting.

After a hard-eyed survey in the late 1940s, the government passed a Noxious Animals Act in 1956 that in effect pronounced the death sentence on all New Zealand big game. Government cullers tramped the mountains of the North and South Islands, gunning down game by the ton without making the slightest dent in the population. At its maximum, the wild herd numbered some six million animals—double the human population of the islands. Most of the carcasses were left to rot, since it was too difficult to get them out of the rugged backcountry. A few trophy hunters from abroad took some fine specimens, but the safari business never was a major economic input to New Zealand's struggling agrarian economy. Then, several years ago a burgeoning market for venison opened up in Germany. Coincidentally, the New Zealand government lowered its tariff barriers on helicopters. Market and technology came together, at first with a barely audible stutter, then with an ear-shattering, nonstop blend of gunfire and rotor beat that threatens to wipe out the herd.

Last year, which may well have been the equivalent of the 1881-82 buffalo season in the U.S., the last big killing year, New Zealand exported \$8 million worth of venison. At a dressed weight of 100 pounds per animal and a top price of \$1.60 a pound, that comes to 50,000 head. No one keeps track of the deer that



die of wounds, or the meat that falls inaccessible into the steep gorges and canyons of the Southern Alps. Whatever the numbers, this is no doubt the climax....

The sudden slap of approaching rotors snapped me out of history back into the moment. Deaker was returning with the kill. Two deer carcasses twisted slowly from the hook as he swept in. They dropped with a limp thud on the dirt road. One was a four-point stag, and I tentatively felt his velvet before scrambling aboard the chopper. It was an odd sensation, vaguely obscene. All the dead deer I had seen in my life had been killed in the autumn, when antlers are hard and honed to a fighting edge. These antlers felt soft and fuzzy.

We were seated three abreast in the close quarters of the Hitler's cockpit. Dick was wearing a crash helmet with a built-in radio; a spaceman crouched over the mysterious controls, all concentration, his forehead tight against the door on his right, all nerves. On his left sprawled his younger brother Sid, 25, the shooter, a 20-shot, 308-caliber Belgian F.N. rifle between his knees. The contrast in dress was time-warping. Sid could have passed for Young Wild West—he wore a green woolen capote, of the sort the mountain men favored, ripped and bloodstained, with a handker over his

**A TEAM MOVES SWIFTLY TO RETRIEVE ITS KILL; TIME IS MONEY TO MEAT HUNTERS**





CARGO THAT WILL SELL FOR ALMOST A DOLLAR A POUND IS LOADED FOR MARKET

#### SLAUGHTER *Continued*

shoulder and a sheathed Green River gutting knife on his belt. His hands were huge and ricked with many cuts, already bloody from cleaning the first two deer. As we pounded up the first face into the mountains, his eyes searched through the heavy hush for deer. The snags of dead beech trees poked through the lush undergrowth not 30 feet below us. The sound of the straining engine made conversation impossible.

At the top of the first long, bushy slope Sid tensed. Then he pointed, and Dick hunked the chopper pointed, to the left. Three hinds—female red deer—galloped

clear of the cover and faced uphill just ahead of the helicopter. Sid leaned out of the left-hand door and brought the scope to his eye. The first deer dropped at the shot. I could see the guard hairs fly on her long, straining neck. A good clean kill at 25 yards, the deer and chopper both moving at about 40 miles an hour. The rifle banged again, and the empty brass clattered against the Plexiglas bubble, the second deer clattered head over heels through the boulders. The third hind, by now, had reached cover near a deep gorge. Dick dropped back below her and then eased slowly up to

where she was hiding, altering the pitch of the blades as he climbed. The sound of the approaching rotors turned the track, she vaulted uphill again, into the open. But before Sid could shoot, the deer committed suicide. She leaped out into the chasm of the gorge, and as we swept overhead we could see her tumbling a good 2,000 feet to her death, heaving and breaking as she fell. Dick angled the chopper uphill once again.

The hunting technique was to sweep the ridge just below timberline, driving deer up into the lichen-grown boulders where they could be more easily shot and retrieved. But since mountains are uneven and the deer have already grown spooky of the chopper beat, it is best to approach a ridge line very low, at brush-top level, then pop over the ridge and thus surprise anything browsing on the far side. This makes for tricky flying, particularly in a helicopter, which cannot long abide the thin air of 6,000-foot elevations, not to mention the random updrafts that are the major hazard of those faces. The rest of the morning passed in a swirl of violent impressions: the chopper hanging at impossible angles, engine screaming with the overload as Sid hanged away at elongated blurs of puma, that finally fell and turned into dead deer.

A stag and a hind on an open slope, staring up wide-eyed, their ears pricked forward in curiosity, then fleeing as we swept in. She died first, the bullet taking her spang on top of the head. He fell to a neck shot, cartwheeling sideways downhill, his head bent back, loose. . . .

A hind sprinting downhill toward a beech copse, staring wildly behind her until the bullet sent her out of control, head over heels, to catch up finally in the edge of what might have been safety, her hooves waving goodbye to us as we flapped past. . . .

A large green parrot called a kea that overflies us from right to left as we angled up a long, dark valley. The kea stared back over its shoulder at the strange, loud metal bird beneath it, then hunked steeply to follow. The kea is a meat eater. Often a chopper crew will find as many as a dozen of them on a carcass when they return for the pickup. Then it is useless to stop; keas can clean a 200-pound carcass in half an hour. . . .

Popping over a ridge into the full blast of the rising sun, the rock dropping away beneath us, sheer, bright with melting



snow-water, black in the shadows, over a pit of incandescent clouds—the scene glimpsed only for an instant, transcending vertigo with its beauty. Seen from that angle, in that sort of a moment, hell might not be so bad a place.

The big, 10-point stag trapped in the underbrush beneath us, staring up open-mouthed, thrashed as Sid blazed away at him. A full five rounds, with the stag wincing at each impact, his jaw working madly as if he were uttering some powerful curse in red-deer language. His left eye rolling, pale blue in the heightening light—later, gutting him, we discover that he is blind in that eye, probably the result of catching it on a thorn during some earlier, panic-stricken flight from the meat hawks. . . .

After the killing came the acrobatics. By 7 a.m. all the deer we had not shot were safely hidden deep in the bush. Now it was necessary to go back over the 20 or 30 square miles of mountain slope we had hunted and retrieve the dead deer, carry them to an open ridge and gut them prior to bringing them back down the mountain. "Three panaches equal the weight of one live deer," Dick said. "The legal load of this Hillier is 800 pounds, but it can actually carry 1,000. That amounts to 10 or 12 gutted carcasses." He guided the chopper unerringly through the broken maze of rock and bush to the precise point where each deer lay. "I know all the little wee clearings up here better than I know my brother's face," Dick yelled over the roar of the motor. For the first time that morning Sid's face relaxed into a smile. He looked about 16 years old. Shooting, he might have passed for 40.

They dropped me on a high, open ridge, along with the carcasses of three deer, while they flew off for the others. Jumping from the skid onto the uneven rock I got a feeling of how it must be for the shooter, who also doubles as retriever and gutter—constantly in and out of the chopper, often having to drop 10 or 12 feet into rough undergrowth and patches of spiny "bush lawyer," the New Zealand equivalent of North America's cactiner. The helicopter vaulted away, its powerful downdraft splattering me with blood and mucus from the dead deer. Then a moment of silence.

I looked out over the huge country. Directly to the south spread Lake Te Anau, long and dark blue, a mountain

lake reminiscent of Tahoe without the casinos. The silence gave way to an ominous buzz, and I immediately thought: rattlesnake! But New Zealand has no poisonous snakes of any variety. The buzz came from the swarm of bush flies that immediately materialized out of God knows where—there was no hush within half a mile—and settled like a blue electric blanket on the dead deer. A blanket that twitched and bulged and squirmed and snarled.

Back and forth the helicopter scuttled, each time dropping a few more carcasses onto the limp pile. Then Dick landed and shut down the engine. The brothers broke out their knives, honed them husily on their steels and set to work gutting. It took no more than half a minute per deer. Time is money to the meat hawks: it costs about \$75 an hour to operate a helicopter, so everything is done on the double. A miasma of blood and offal filled the air, adding an appropriate odor to the ugly sound of the flies. Four of the hinds carried unborn fawns, "slinkies," the meat hawks call them, and the word is apt. They slashed the slippery, scrawny, spotted bodies back in the empty bellies of their mothers. One of the hinds was in milk, and for the first time Dick seemed upset. He looked out over the mountains.

"There's a poor little buggar out there somewhere that will bloody starve," he said. "What a bloody-poor thing it is to shoot them at this time of the year." Then he looked at the ground around us, poking with his boot through the tussock for old deer droppings. They were everywhere. "These droppings are six or eight years old," he said. "You can see how many deer there were then. Look at these deer here" and he kicked the blind stag. "They're all ratty. Rats is what they bloody are. Not at all fit. Because we harass them so they can't bloody eat. There were better bloody heads in the old days. How can a bloody deer get a chance to live the good life when any bloody joker can buy a helicopter and start hunting anytime he wants?"

He worked his way around the heap, his almost girlishly pretty face warped with sullen anger, then signaled Sid to hook up the gutted deer. There were 10 of them—it had been a slow morning—

and Dick intended to carry them all out at the same time. With my added weight, equal to that of a fan-saved gutless stag, I reckoned we would be well over the Hillier's maximum-load limit.

"Not to worry," said Dick with a vicious grin. "We autorotate down the mountain, and unless the motor's bugged, we'll make it." We lurched backward off the ridge, and Dick laid the chopper over on her side, like a platform diver doing a back dive with a half twist, and we skidded back down the mountain, the bubble shaking furiously and the shadows of the deer dangling beneath us showing on the sheer rock faces as we fell. "Chap was working under a helicopter one day, hooking up a pile of chamois," Dick yelled, noticing my interest in the shadows. "When he jumped back to wave the pilot away with the load, he suddenly found himself upside down with the carcasses, over 2,000 feet of nothing. Seems a chamois horn had hooked into his sock and whipped him upside down. Luckily the pilot saw his bloody shadow waving madly down there with the load and made a soft drop, or else the buggar would be bloody tucker for the Germans. Ha! ha!"

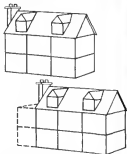
That night I invited Dick, Sid, their foot-hunting partner, Gary Hollows, and wives to a bit of tucker at the Te Anau Hotel. Plenty of drinks went down before dinner, and plenty of wine went down along with it. There is no 24-hour-abstinence rule for meat-hawking helicopter pilots. "Oh, I'll have a crook head in the morning," Dick allowed. "I've been drunk every night this week, and we're still flying. The main hazards to this

continued



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## SLAUGHTER continued

job are booze and bad weather. Put them bloody together and you get bits of men and machines scattered all down the mountain."

"We've had some close ones," said Gary Hollows. Gary is a tanned, muscular Kiwi of 35 with a ready smile, much more relaxed than the Deaker brothers, probably because he hunts mainly afoot and only now and then gives up in the chopper. "Remember that time you lost cyclic control and I had to jump 30 feet off the skid? I hit the rock with my rifle in my hand and all the meat squirted out from under my fingertips."

"I thought he was haggard," Dick said.

"Yeah," grinned Gary. "If I hadn't jumped they'd have pushed me anyway. Once you're out on the skid, you're expendable. Right?"

The talk veered and swooped like a hunting helicopter, settling finally on the joys of foot hunting, a mode that has practically disappeared from New Zealand with the ascendancy of the highly organized choppers.

"Bloody shame that it's going," said Gary. "Bloody shame that the deer are going, too. When there were plenty, any bloke could grab his rifle and hike up into the bush away up there where no one had set foot before—and deerwalk to his heart's content. I tied liver for breakfast and tenderloin for tea—that's the caper. Plenty of cold water to drink up there where the bloody trout haven't ever seen a line before. I always pack a little breakdown spinning rod with me for when I'm tired of killing. You travel light—sneakers and no socks for wading the streams, a poncho and a down-filled sleeping bag, a knife, a light rifle. I shot a .222 and plenty of ammo, some tea and biscuits and sugar and salt and a mess kit, a gunning knife. That's about it. None of this high bloody technology. None of these bloody petrol drums."

"They ought to knock off, just about knock off right bloody now," mumbled Dick. "They ought to abolish the Noxious Animals Act and put a season on deer shooting and license the meat hunters. They ought to close the season from October to after the roasting, what you Yanks call the rut, about the end of March. It would be easy to cull the herds back with helicopters if they get out of hand again. The way it is now, you get deer that have been wounded only a few days before, deer with holes in their ears,

legs shot off, bullets through their necks. They shouldn't be running around out there like that. What gets me most is the slinkies. Sometimes you open up a hind and the slinky is trying to breathe. You whip it out and you fly down the mountain and get it to the deer farm. Gary once gave mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a slinky. They ought to knock off..."

Then why don't they?

"There's the money," Dick admitted. "New Zealand's streets are scarcely paved with gold. You've got to get ahead, way ahead, if you don't want to get trapped into some bloody shopkeeper's life. Oh, I'm a good enough helicopter pilot now to make a go anywhere, without hunting. But beyond the money, if I'm to be perfectly honest, there's the thrill of it. Where else is this kind of thing possible in a world that's slowly going soft? It's bloody adventure, is what it is. That's come to be a kind of silly word, I suppose, but it still means something."

Later in the week Deaker dropped me off on the north branch of the Clinton River, high in the mountains above Milford Sound. He doubted that anyone had ever fished this stretch of the river before, and indeed on my first clumsy cast with a nymph I hooked and lost—a large rainbow trout. In five successive pools I caught five fish, each weighing in excess of five pounds. Now and then, as I waded the icy, strong river, with the sunlight glinting on the boulders and the bright pink sides of the leaping, outraged trout, I would hear the distant beat of the chopper working around the high peaks above the timberline. I would look up and see the predatory insect-shape of the machine, a deadly dot against the snowfields and the sky and the bare rock. Once I thought I could hear the popping of Sid's rifle. I imagined the deer, a hind probably, heavy with her slinks, lurching uphill away from the heral beating sound, looking up, then falling to thrash her life away against the gaudy lickers....

When the trout came to the gravel beach, beaten, its gills working heavily, I slipped the fly loose from its jaw and worked the fish back and forth for a while through the water. Then I released it. It swam slowly at first, then faster and faster, until it fetched up at its holding place in the center of the stream. When I looked up, the helicopter had disappeared. But not for long, I thought.

END



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## No haven in Hartford, Conn.

The usual fun and gamesmanship brightened the scene at the World Cup, and the usual Aussie disaster overtook the Americans on the court

There is a World Cup in golf (Arnie and Jack have busted par for it in exotic places). There is a World Cup in soccer (the most coveted team-sport trophy of all). There is a World Cup in rugby (the University of California plays the University of British Columbia for it). There are World Cups for every way man can think of skiing down a snowy slope. So why in the world shouldn't there be a World Cup in tennis?

Rest easy, friends, Hartford, Conn., that insurance mecca where even infants know how to spell beneficiary, and kindergartners can lucidly explain the difference between term and straight life, staged the fifth annual World Cup tennis tournament last week at Trinity College Aetna Life & Casualty was the sponsor. A team of Australians was the life and the U.S. squad was the casualty.

By the luck of the draw the deciding match for the cup was on national television the third-straight Sunday that NBC has run the Stan and John Show: Stan Smith and John Newcombe bashing and dashing for the money. Smith had won two weeks before at Nassau, N.Y., Newcombe the week before in La Costa, Calif. This time there was a bit more than dollars, points and pride at stake. The U.S. was knocked out of the 1974 Davis Cup by Colombia in a stunning upset in January while Smith was taking a well-deserved rest, so the World Cup was America's one chance to take a little pizzazz out of what is apparently going to be an up year Down Under.

But it was a chance hardly worth noting, mainly because Newcombe is probably playing the best tennis on earth right now. He was serving so powerfully and accurately he got in 48 of 61 first serves, leaving mini-creasers on Smith's side of the floor) that Smith could not break him. Newcombe won 6-3, 6-4, his third

win of the matches and Smith's third loss. Laver and Ken Rosewall beat Dennis Ralston and Marty Riessen in the doubles 6-2, 1-6, 6-2, making the final score Australia 5, U.S. 2.

At least one thing good for America did come out of the competition. That is, something good for a particular American named Arthur Ashe. For the first time in 15 years and 16 matches, Ashe managed to defeat Rod Laver. Ashe was just a scared kid when he first met the Rocket at Forest Hills in 1959. So scared that before the match he threw up at court-side. Ever since, though Ashe has had some brilliant moments and even brilliant sets, Laver has pounded him like a nail, the most recent debacle occurring last January in Philadelphia, where Arthur incorrectly totaled his losing streak at 18.

But on Saturday in Hartford, helped by the master's serving problems, Ashe beat Laver 6-3, 6-3 and kept the U.S. in the thick of the fight. After he put away match point with an accurate overhead smash, Ashe mentally pinched himself as he walked slowly to the net. "Yeah," he thought, "I really won!" and raised both arms in triumph, or relief, or both.

It should be interjected here that World Cup is a misnomer. Only about 15% of the global land mass has anything to do with it. It is strictly Australia and the U.S. battling each other Davis Cup style, except that there are seven matches instead of five, two doubles instead of one and no need to go through the sometimes embarrassing preliminaries against the Ruritians of the sport. The two strongest tennis nations gather their big guns in Connecticut about this

continued

**BIG NEWS** (top) won three matches including one against Arthur Ashe, whose consolation was his first victory over Laver in 15 years.





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time each year and fire point blank at each other just as they have in 14 of the last 23 Davis Cup finals. When the smoke clears there is some nice prize money for the players and a good chunk left over for charities in Hartford and Boston. The event has packed Trinity's little 2,200-seat gym for three straight years and in 1975 will move to the larger Hartford Civic Center Coliseum now being built.

Apart from being an entertaining sporting event, the World Cup tournament is a pleasant respite from the World Championship Tennis tour, which this year has been divided into three parts, Red, Blue and Green, and scheduled for such local subway stops as Tokyo, Barcelona, Johannesburg, São Paulo and Monte Carlo. World Cup week is the perfect time for Reds, Blues and Greens to exchange morsels of gossip—like Bob Hewitt breaking his own world record in the racket throw or Harald Elschner winning an exhibition sprint around a dog track in Florida.

Or the time the Greens, as a publicity gimmick, challenged the London public to a mile-and-a-quarter run in Kensington Gardens one morning, which was a foolish thing to do because it is easier to get Ralph Nader behind the wheel of a Corvair than it is to get a tennis player out of bed before 11 a.m. Only Laver and four other pros showed up: a race 80 citizens. The best WCT finisher was Japan's Jun Kamiwazumi, No. 16.

The Reds, known as the screwball squad, have found a man to steal the top banana's job from Ilie Nastase. He is a Frenchman, Jean Baptiste Chanfreau, who specializes, whatever the consequences, in imitating the style of some alltime tennis great, perhaps Ken Rosewall in one match, Pancho Gonzales in another. Playing the role of the famed touch artist, Manuel Santana, he hit more than 40 drop shots in one match while losing to Elschner.

World Cup week is also a time for a bit of needling and gamesmanship. It started the first year, when Fred Stolle and Newcombe played against four Americans. "Oh, well," said Stolle, "that makes it about even—two Aussies against four Yanks." Australia won 5-2 and has won two out of three since. This year Stolle, as captain and alternate player, said, "We're planning a party Saturday night because it will be over by then."

*Richard*



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Ralston, the U.S. captain, got under Stolle's skin by objecting to the Aussies' yellow shirts, which he said would be a "tough background when you're using yellow balls."

"People have been using white balls and white shirts for a hundred years," scoffed Stolle. "and nobody ever complained."

"Yes," countered Ralston, "but everyone wore white. Let us wear yellow, too, instead of blue. It could only mean a point a match, but that's enough. I know I wear yellow every chance I get." (Smith backed up his captain, claiming that he had lost sight of the ball against Newcombe's shot during several volley exchanges.)

Stolle was also the object of some good-natured kidding because he has signed to play World Team Tennis for the Philadelphia Freedoms, coached by the feisty Billie Jean King. Yes, one of the chief instigators of the notorious masculine, beer-drinking camaraderie of Australian tennis players is going to be taking orders from a woman. The sports-writers in attendance at Hartford prepared an awards ceremony for Stolle, calling him potentially "the world's first hepped pro athlete" and presented him with Ms. King's book, *Tennis to Win*, with orders to study it carefully.

Before the first ball was served, Ralston was forced to explain once again that the country's co-No. 1 player Jimmy Connors, had turned down an invitation to play on the team, just as he had repeatedly spurned Davis Cup invitations.

"OK, look at Stan Smith, Arthur Ashe and Tom Gorman," Ralston told the press. "Look what they've done on the WCT circuit this year and whom they've played against. Now look at Connors and do the same thing. If he makes No. 3 among that group, it has to be questionable. I hate to keep harping on Connors, but you people keep hanging him up. His attitude stinks. His manners are awful. I can't say many good things about him."

The draw determined that the opening singles match was Laver against Smith, which was considered a good break for the U.S. and not just because of the eight-year difference in their ages. Smith had been playing well for the Blue group, ranking second to Newcombe

continued



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## TENNIS *continued*

while Laver was only sixth in the Green and had lost badly in the second round in Barcelona the week before.

Nevertheless, Laver won in straight sets 7-5, 6-3, preying on Smith's second serve, forcing Stan to be so conscious of making that delivery good that he double-faulted four times. When Ashe started off Friday's program by losing a tough match to Newcombe 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, it looked as if the U.S. was going to suffer another rout, one it could not blame on high altitude or absent stars.

Gorman, playing with the usual sham-rock stenciled on his racket face and the usual leprechaun twinkle in his eyes, saved the day—and NBC's Sunday telecast—by beating Ken Rosewall 6-4, 6-4. Rosewall, 39, had not played in any tournaments since a Davis Cup round in Melbourne in November and obviously was not sharp. Gorman was hyped up, giving a primordial yelp as he pounced on an easy volley to win the match. Then came Ashe's upset of Laver on Saturday to tie the series, and the U.S. might even have gone into Sunday leading 3-2 if Smith and Ashe had not pulled an el foldo in the doubles against Newcombe and Tony Roche.

They took the first set, lost the second, were leading 3-0 in the third and ahead 30-0 on Ashe's serve, when, said Arthur, "we slowly fell apart." Actually they fell apart quickly, before you could say *Kam-wa-zum*. Newcombe and Roche broke twice, won five straight games and took the match 6-7, 6-4, 6-4. So it was the Aussies who had the 3-2 series lead.

And the next day Australia had the World Cup (tennis version) to put on the shelf alongside the Davis Cup for another year, not to mention the first prize of \$25,000. That's enough to keep them all in beer for maybe two whole weeks.

"We'll be only too happy to come back next year and win the cup again," said Newcombe, with a grin under his wicked mustache.

"I ran into two good players," said a frustrated Smith of Laver and Newk. "Maybe it's a compliment to me that they played so well, but it's not much fun to be out there against guys hitting bullets."

But it was a frustrating week for the Aussies, too. Their victory celebration had to be postponed 24 hours. **END**



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A brash young lawyer named Ed Garvey leads the players' revolt

## The battle is joined

It is Saturday, March 16. The back-and-forth between National Football League players and owners stops being propaganda and settles down into negotiation. At a long, oak conference table in the Washington office of the NFL Players Association, the players present to the owners a list of demands that they hope to have included in the new conditions-of-employment contract between themselves, as labor, and the owners, as management. Areas of agreement are slight. Areas of disagreement—the option clause, the Rozelle rule, pension-fund contributions, artificial turf, minimum salaries—are many and profound.

Looming over the discussion is the possibility of a player strike if a mutually satisfactory contract is not reached.

The issues would perplex a King Solomon, and Edward R. Garvey, the young (33), sometimes flippant, frequently sarcastic lawyer who serves as executive director of the players' union, says, "I suspect that we are going to be so far apart on so many issues that the negotiations are going to be like playing in the Super Bowl without a ball." It is more than likely that owners and players both will come away from the conference table with the distinct feeling that they have gone one-on-one with Larry Conka.

And it is just as likely that Garvey will emerge as the dominant figure, either the hero or the villain, depending on where you stand—or possibly the biggest bore. As a speaker he rates right down there with George McGovern and Nelson Rockefeller (Asked how one of his speeches had gone, Garvey replied, "It was a typical performance. Everyone fell asleep.") But if his manner of speaking is dull, his words are not, and his abrasive comments on player-owner relationships have brought him national attention, which sometimes startles him.

"I had always hoped to end up in Washington," he says, "but I never anticipated it would be this way." At the University of Wisconsin he was a political activist, an intellectual, and his most violent sporting act was to drive a golf ball 225 yards. His competitive juices have always flowed faster in a political arena. The acid test came at the end of his first year at Wisconsin, during which he played on the freshman golf team and began poking into campus affairs. The golf coach told him he would have to choose between golf and politics. Garvey promptly put his clubs in a closet.

Which is not to say he was always a total loss on the playing field. In Burlington, Wis. (pop. 7,500), where his family owned a drugstore, he captained the high school golf team and, until he injured a knee, was a 140-pound halfback, quarterback, offensive guard and linebacker. He also kicked extra points, though the team made few demands for this specialty. It scored only six touchdowns his last year of play.

"I can't remember my percentage," Garvey says in a nasal drone that seems to come from a buzz-saw in his sinuses, "but the coach said kicking extra points

was the only thing I did halfway well."

From a high school graduating class of 58, he moved in 1957 to the 3,187-member freshman class at Wisconsin and in time was elected president of the student body. After graduation in 1961 he became president of the National Student Association, with an annual salary of \$3,000 and an office in Philadelphia, and a year later was in Paris as the NSA's overseas representative. He spent two years as a lieutenant in Army intelligence, and a year in The Netherlands as secretary general of the International Student Conference.

In 1966, back in the states, he studied law at Wisconsin and after graduation joined the Minneapolis firm of Lindquist and Vennum, which later became general counsel to the NFL Players Association. Garvey was assigned to the association on almost full-time basis during contract negotiations.

"I was an avid Green Bay fan," he says, "and I knew as much about football as any avid Green Bay fan. Namely, that winning was nice, losing was death, Pete Rozelle was a genius and Vince Lombardi was God."

John Mackey, the old Baltimore Colt tight end who was then president of the NFLPA, worked closely with Garvey and saw him as the ideal choice to become executive director of the players' group. Garvey was startled by the suggestion, but in May 1971 he took the job, although apparently not with total commitment at first. When he moved to Washington to set up the NFLPA office, he cautiously rented his house in Minnesota, rather than sell it outright. And back home the news was taken calmly. In its ranking of the top 10 local news stories of the year, *The Burlington Standard Press* put "Local Boy Makes Good" fourth, one slot behind "Aerobatic Contest And Airshow Held In Burlington" and just ahead of "Storage Bin Collapses At Co-op."

Garvey soon grew enthusiastic about his new position. "I had to admit that the job opened up a whole world of intriguing legal possibilities," he says. "In law school I had a professor, Robert Skilton, who said, 'I'm amazed how some people have to search and search for constitutional-law issues. I can find hundreds of them every day in the sports pages.'"

Garvey found himself the spokesman for the largest union in professional

continued





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sport, with 1,220 dues-paying members. His job, as he saw it, was to introduce modern labor-management negotiating procedures to a business that for half a century had prided itself on being one big happy family. But he soon began to feel that he had been hired to joust with windmills.

"NFL owners are an independent, diverse, often irascible lot who find it as hard to agree among themselves as with us," he says. "It is almost impossible to get a binding decision out of them."

One of the problems, Garvey says, is to convince the owners that even though the men he represents play a game for a living, they are also adults who should not be bound by archaic employer-employee relationships. And also that they deserve a larger share of revenues. His efforts to convey this message have created considerable stir. NFL owners and executives tend to crackle with rage after a Garvey press conference.

"He's a publicity seeker trying to create reasons for his existence," Tex Schramm, general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, once said.

"It appears to me he pops off too much, not only for the best interests of the Players Association, but for all of professional football," says Lou Spadua, president of the San Francisco 49ers.

Garvey supporters have been equally emphatic.

"He's wise beyond his years. He's going to be a congressman or a senator one of these days," says Nate Fensinger, professor emeritus at Wisconsin Law.

"We call him Clark Kent," says John Wilbar, the Washington Redskins guard who is treasurer of the NFLPA. "Look at that face, those glasses, that conservative suit. But when he gets on an issue it's as if he just came out of a phone booth in his Superman outfit."

Every so often even management has had a good word for him.

"He's doing a good job for the players," Dan Rooney of the Pittsburgh Steelers has admitted. "He's a very able young man."

To charges that the players, already well paid, are being greedy, Garvey says, "Dammit, getting a fair share of the pie certainly has nothing to do with greed." He claims that every club in the NFL showed a pre-tax profit last year and that the average per team was slightly more than \$2 million. Gross revenues, he says, grew from \$102 million in 1969 to \$178

*continued*

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## PRO FOOTBALL *continues*

million in 1973, but the players' share dropped from 37% to 25%. The NFL Management Council asserts that such figures are grossly inaccurate.

"What few people realize," Garvey says, "is that the average pro football career—the prime earning period—lasts less than five years. Even in that short span players incur crippling and permanent injuries, even death." An example of injury is provided by the current president of the NFLPA, Bill Curry, whose leg was badly broken last fall. To deepen the irony, Curry was injured on artificial turf, which the association generally deplores.

Garvey claims the most puzzling problem for him to deal with is the role of Commissioner Pete Rozelle. "Who is Pete Rozelle?" he asks. "Is he the Neutral Guardian of the Sport, as the public thinks, and as the owners would be pleased to have us think? Or is he, as the players think, a man with quasi-governmental powers, who is the primary spokesman for the owners in their effort to preserve the present system?"

Garvey insists he is not out to destroy Rozelle or the owners. "I will be happy," he says, "if the owners and Rozelle finally come to the conclusion that they are conducting a fully mature American business, such as the automobile industry, or computers, or publishing or what have you; that they can't treat players like children, or defeat the Players Association or discredit its leadership."

Garvey claims there is a relentless public and private name-calling campaign by the club owners. "They criticize me because I've never played pro football," he says. "Which is pretty ridiculous," says John Mackey, now retired as a player and as NFLPA president. "How much football did Pete Rozelle or Tex Schramm ever play?"

Garvey says, "The league clipping service sent out an article on me that appeared in something called *The Hollywood Sun-Times*. It was wildly distorted, an interview that had me insulting everyone in pro football: owners, general managers, coaches, players. Even some of the players reps, who should have known better, were upset with me.

"The owners tell player reps, 'You are letting this man manipulate you.'" Alan Page of the Vikings says, "After our request for a survey of artificial turf received publicity, Jim Finks [the Viking general manager] called me in and said,

"Is this really the way you fellows feel? You should speak for yourselves. Don't let Ed Garvey do the talking!"

"My loyalty to the American way of life is questioned," says Garvey, with mock indignation. "Three or four people implied I might be a Communist."

Garvey is already banned from all NHL press boxes and on game days, from all locker rooms. And there has been a persistent turnover among player representatives, the men Garvey must deal with. They are cut, waived, traded, sold—which means new player representatives who require orientation.

Despite these fringe complaints, the basic issue in dispute remains the standard professional contract. In theory, a man can "play out his option" and become a free agent who can offer his services to any other club. In practice, a team that signs such a free agent must observe the Rozelle rule and recompense the team the player formerly belonged to. This brings the exchange back to the level of trades or sales between teams and effectively restricts the freedom of movement of a player whose contract has technically expired.

Garvey calls abolition of the option clause and the Rozelle rule "freedom issues." The NHL Management Council says their elimination would threaten the basic structure of the sport.

Other demands pale in importance. If the negotiations deteriorate into the paralysis of strike, as they did in 1971 during the last contract dealings, the option clause and its application almost certainly will be the reason.

Bill Curry says, "An end to the option clause and the Rozelle rule are what we feel most strongly about. There is no doubt that we are going to the wall on this issue."

Thus it may be a long hot spring and summer for Edward R. Garvey, who says, almost gleefully, "It could be pretty wild. I'm looking forward to it."

He certainly seems to have the support of the players. "We have come to accept Ed Garvey on performance," says Curry. "He has turned our organization into a modern, efficient, functioning unit, and we know he is relentlessly dedicated to our cause."

"About the only thing we haven't been able to accept about him," Curry adds, deadpan, "is that monotonous voice of his. If he can just clear that up, we might keep him around for years."

END



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## McAdoo About Something boffo in Buffalo

**Shrewd trades plus a plum in the draft reshaped the Braves, and their moody big man, shifted to center, is dominating the NBA stat sheets**

He leads the NBA in scoring and the league's other top scorers in obscurity. He has sold no razor blades or deodorants on TV. He owns no bars and has never been asked to talk kids into visiting the Basketball Hall of Fame or out of using drugs. He is, finally, leading his team to the playoffs, but about the biggest accolade he gets is the line that Dan Neuerth, the P.A. announcer in Buffalo Memorial Auditorium, delivers to Braves fans a dozen or more times a night: "That's two for McAdoo!"

Bob McAdoo's problem is both geographical and personal: he plays in Buffalo and he has a genuine talent for remaining inconspicuous. When aroused he can be as spectacular as the colored lights on Niagara Falls. But mostly he is

not aroused. He is, his wife Brenda says, "moody."

In his second season, McAdoo at 22 is still younger than all but four players in the NBA. Last year, as a forward, he was Rookie of the Year, averaging 18 points a game. This year his shooting percentage is up 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> to .545 and he is scoring 30.4 points a game. Both lead the league. He is third in rebounding (15), third in blocked shots (3.34) and third in number of minutes played. The Braves last year wound up 21-61. With nine games to go this year they were 38-35, comfortably ahead of Atlanta for the fourth Eastern Conference playoff spot.

McAdoo's fortunes, and those of the Braves, changed during the off-season when General Manager Eddie Donovan learned that the Lakers, with Wilt Chamberlain gone, were desperate for a big center. Opting for speed rather than size, Donovan began reshaping the Braves by sending 7'1" Center Elmore Smith to Los Angeles for Forward Jim McMillian. In the draft he grabbed Providence's small, quick Ernie DiGregorio—almost surely this year's Rookie of the Year—and before the season opened he obtained Gar Heard from Chicago. Finally, early in February, he got Jack Marin and Matt Guokas, two experienced operatives, from Houston. McMillian supplies poise and leadership to the new Braves and McAdoo, now playing center, gets the points.

"I hate to think I'd still be a forward unless a guy got traded," McAdoo says, remembering last season, much of which he spent in a futile pursuit of smaller forwards such as John Havlicek, Bill Bradley and Lou Hudson. "Sometimes," he says sadly, "I wasn't even in it."

Today McAdoo roams the court head down, eyes up—a stringy package of endless arms and legs. His face appears too small for his 6'10", 205-pound frame, it

is concave in profile and dominated by thick muttonchops and huge eyes. Fans sometimes mistake his low-key bearing for indifference.

McAdoo doesn't intimidate, but from 30 feet on in he cans basketball as methodically as a South Buffalo guzzler downs his Genesee. He has enormous acceleration, vacating the high post in a one-step goody that Donovan considers fastest in the league.

On defense he hangs down the lane, barrels into rebound position and springs over rims, backboards and unsuspecting forwards to get a hand on the ball or to swat it away from penetrating guards. "Near the basket," says the Knicks' Walt Frazier, "he's almost a Bill Russell." Says Braves Coach Jack Ramsay, "Because he's small he has trouble guarding big centers. And because he's small they have trouble guarding him."

Like the languid eyes that contradict the intensity with which he plays, McAdoo's lamppost demeanor is also misleading. Even his teammates know little about him. "He's just quiet," Ramsay says. "If I tell him something, he nods." Yet he is not without a certain quirkiness. He married former classmate Brenda Newsome one afternoon last season and played a game against the Knicks that night. Back home in Greensboro, N.C. he advanced to lead saxophone in the high school band, and then skipped the annual concert to high jump for the track team. He complains long and loudly about injuries, though he has missed only two games this season. And he utterly loathes flying.

On airplanes McAdoo pulls a knit cap over his ears and moans all the way. Once, returning from Seattle, he was holding a camera on his lap when the plane hit an air pocket. The camera flew in the air and McAdoo shielded his head with his hands. "When they told me that," says Brenda, "I decided that when we fly, I hold the baby."

As Little Mac's arrival approached last summer, Brenda coaxed Big Mac into attending natural-childbirth classes. At three one morning she woke him and told him he'd better check his notes. At the hospital in Greensboro, McAdoo donned a surgical mask and took up his post. "I was supposed to keep her calm and tell her how to breathe," he recalls. "I was the coach. A doctor was there, but only to catch the baby."

After three hours, Brenda remembers,

*continued*

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Rosey Grier believes variety is the spice of life.

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never feels like he's walking on pins and needles.

In short, there's an assortment of reasons why he chooses Interwoven/Esquire Socks. And at \$1.50 and up, how could a well-rounded man afford to wear anything else.



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**ESQUIRE SOCKS®**

# The Top-Flite® ad for those even after they hit it



The first time you pace off a screaming Top-Flite drive; or, see your iron shots going on instead of almost, you may not believe it, either.

So you blade your next shot? But, nothing happens to your Top-Flite. Not even a mark!

It makes you wonder: How does Top-Flite do it?

## The heart of the matter

Top-Flite is a two-piece ball. A solid core and a cover.

The difference between what the inside of a Top-Flite does with your swing, and what a wound ball does, is what makes Top-Flite the longest ball.



## To understand our ball you have to understand their ball

A wound ball has windings around a core. But, no matter how tight you wind them, you end up with trapped air ("interstices," if you're taking notes). That's wasted space.

You haven't stored any energy there. Just air pockets acting as energy absorbers that have a dampening effect on distance.

When you hit the wound ball, the windings stretch and strain. So you get friction. And friction causes heat. Since it takes energy to create heat, part of the energy you put into your swing is making heat instead of distance.

## No wasted space, more energy stored:

### No windings, less energy loss

Think of Top-Flite as a more efficient machine. You get more out of what you put into it.

The entire, homogeneous solid core is stored-up energy.

And, since Top-Flite has no windings, there's less friction when you hit it. Less friction, less heat. More of your swing energy goes into making distance.

See for yourself Drop a Top-Flite and any wound ball from above your head. Top-Flite will bounce higher, more times and for a longer time because it loses less energy upon impact.



## Even other solid balls come up short

All the materials used in the Top-Flite core interact with one another to produce distance. No material is inert. Other solid core balls use inert "fillers."

They don't do anything for performance. In fact, they reduce resiliency and cut down distance.



# Or, why Top-Flite is the



# who can't believe it (or, miss-hit it).

## The banana and the egg

When a wound ball is hit it squashes and slips up the clubface. Like stepping on a banana peel — you go up before you go forward — the wound ball loses energy going up before it goes forward.

Top-Flite doesn't squash as much. So, there's less energy lost going up, more energy used to go forward.

Now, as the wound ball leaves the clubface it modulates. First

it looks like an egg upright, then an egg on its side,

then upright, etc., etc. Fighting to get back in round, it loses even more energy. Since Top-Flite doesn't squash as much, it doesn't have to fight as hard to get back in round. More of its energy goes for distance instead of trying not to be an egg.

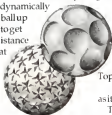


## Hitting a wound ball is like throwing the hammer from the wrong end

Wound balls are heavier in the center. Top-Flite's unique two-piece construction puts more weight toward the outside. The result is a more ideal radius of gyration which maintains rotation longer. It has to do with centrifugal force. What it means is, Top-Flite even gets more distance from its own momentum.

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Bob stopped coaching. She looked at him. He had fallen asleep.

Unlike most pro basketball stars, McAdoo wears no jewelry, patent-leather shoes or velvet walking suits. His hobby is music, and his Williamsville, N.Y., apartment contains a set of speakers as big as washing machines. He also has two Afghans, Girl and Scratch, whom he sometimes entertains by playing his saxophone. "I don't smile much," he says by way of explaining himself. "But I'm not sad. Just thinking."

"As a kid, I was the best in every sport," he says. But when he was 10 a neighbor taunted him about his height. He cried at that and didn't play basketball in school until the ninth grade. As a senior he was scoring 25 points a game, enough for Vincennes (Ind.) Junior College to offer him a scholarship. He led the Trailblazers to the national JC title his first year. "But all he talked about," a former teammate recalls, "was getting back to North Carolina."

McAdoo was dumbfounded when only nearby universities like Western Kentucky seemed interested in him after Vincennes. Then North Carolina Assistant Coach John Lotz visited him and asked, "Why don't you answer my letters?" "Never got them," McAdoo said. Lotz produced carbons and McAdoo packed for Chapel Hill, convinced then and now that someone had tampered with his mail. In 1971 the Tar Heels had four starters back from the team ranked 19th the previous season—plus McAdoo. Says George Karl, a guard on that club who now plays for the San Antonio Spurs, "McAdoo turned a good team into a great one." North Carolina won five tournaments and finished second to UCLA in the national rankings.

With a year of eligibility left, McAdoo was given a hardship waiver by the NBA (he had already signed with Virginia of the ABA). In the NBA draft, Portland had first pick but passed him over. Buffalo, with second pick, did not. Advised that the contract McAdoo had signed with Virginia was invalid because of his age, the Braves snatched him from the Squires. The case never went to court.

When the NBA playoffs begin at the end of this month McAdoo will have achieved the second of his two ambitions. One was to be a starter with the Braves and the other was to get them into the playoffs. As Don Neaverth likes to say, "That's two for McAdoo!" **END**

## Compared to Nova, a little Duster goes a long way.

United States Auto Club mileage tests conducted in January show Valiant Duster, with a "Slant-See" engine and the new standard, fuel saving 2.76 axle gear substantially better mileage than Maverick or Nova. In city driving, it even beat Mustang II and did a little better than Vega, both 4-cylinder cars.

Still, Duster holds five people to Maverick's four, has 3 times the trunk space of a Pinto, and has a manufacturer's suggested retail price even below Volkswagen's most popular model. Small wonder Valiant is America's number one selling compact car.



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# AND ALONG CAME RUTH

BY ROBERT W. CLEAMER

*Out of a fascinating new book on America's best-remembered sporting god strides the young Babe. It is 1919, the World War is over, and the country, like Ruth, is euphoric. The Babe has an enormous appetite for baseball—and the pleasures of the night. In his zest he becomes a hero whose like had never been seen before, and may not be again.*





CONTINUED

*Babe Ruth was born in Baltimore in 1894. He was not an orphan (his mother died when he was 16, his father when he was a major-leaguer) but at eight he was put in St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys for "incorrigible" behavior. He spent most of his youth behind the walls of St. Mary's, where he developed into a splendid baseball player. In 1914 he was released to join the minor league*

*Baltimore Orioles as a pitcher. He was an instant success, and in July that year moved up to the Boston Red Sox. By 1916 he was the best left-handed pitcher in baseball, with a 23-12 record, and an impressive slugger, too. During the 1918 season he began his transition from mound to outfield, from pitching to hitting—and in 1919 launched his dazzling assault on the game's home-run records.*

Two months after the 1918 World Series, the World War was over. It had relatively little impact on Babe Ruth, and to him its ending meant hardly more than that baseball would be played in 1919 after all, despite threats to the contrary. And that meant money. Ruth was well aware of his commercial appeal—a Boston cigar manufacturer had taken him in as a "partner" for the right to capitalize on his name—and he made it clear to Ed Barrow, manager of the Red Sox, and Harry Frazee, the owner, that he wanted a substantial raise in 1919. Aside from the esthetic appreciation of his own worth, Ruth needed more money because he was spending more and more of it—on clothes, on automobiles, on girls, on partying. And, yes, on Helen.

Even though she had been married to Ruth for four years, Helen was barely 21 years old and found herself increasingly unable to comprehend her husband's exuberant ways. She felt less and less a part of his life. They had bought a "farm" out in the country in Sudbury, 20 miles west of Boston, and the two quondam warfs played at being happy together back on the land. But it was Helen who was more often on the land, alone, while Babe was on the road with the team or on the town with his night people. Only rarely was she able to bring home to him her loneliness and distress, and he assumed that his generosity with money and gifts made up for that. In truth, he was never greatly concerned. He was primarily interested in himself, and his young wife's unhappiness rarely penetrated his restless questing after fun and games.

He was very much a celebrity now as the country turned away from war and toward peace. On the Red Sox ball club he was the king, the unquestioned star of the best team in baseball, winners of the World Series three times in four years. He was not yet 25 but, except for Outfielder Harry Hooper and Shortstop Deacon Scott, he was senior man on the club in point of service and far and away the best paid.

Wherever he happened to be, he was the focus of attention. During the 1918 season he drew louder and more sustained applause than anyone else. The other players, teammates and opponents both, liked him, or at least enjoyed being around him. He was such an outspoken, engaging extrovert they could not help being amused and entertained by him. And they were in genuine awe of the way he could hit, the way he could play baseball. Nonetheless, they rode him constantly, his teammates relatively gently but his opponents often viciously. They mocked him, jeered him, made pointed insults about his round, flat-nosed, heavily tanned face. They called him monkey, baboon, ape, gorilla. The terms were not used with rough affection; they were insults, harsh comments on his homeliness, his ignorance, his crudity. When he was still relatively new to the major leagues someone noticed in the clubhouse that he had the distressing habit after taking a shower of putting back on the same sweaty underwear he had taken off after the game, and of wearing the same underwear day after day. Baseball wit is seldom subtle, and Ruth, who only a few years before had come out of St. Mary's home for boys, took a cruel barrage of heavy-handed comment for this singular lack of personal fastidiousness. He reacted by abandoning underwear completely and for years thereafter wore nothing at all beneath his expensive suits and silk shirts.

Loud, profane, outspoken, supremely confident in most things, he returned insult for insult, although he sometimes was not sure whether he had been insulted or not. He was frequently called Tarzan, after Edgar Rice Burroughs' recently published bestseller. Ruth rather liked being called Tarzan, sensing that it had something to do with his nearly superhuman feats on the ball field, but he did not know what it meant. He asked a teammate, "Hey, what's this Tarzan stuff? Why do you guys keep calling me Tarzan?"

"You know, Babe," the teammate answered in some surprise. "It's from that book."



Opponents called him monkey, baboon, or ape.

"What book?"

"The Tarzan book, *Tarzan of the Apes*."

"Apes?" snapped Ruth. "You're calling me an ape?" He was suddenly furious. It took fast talk and adroit dissembling to calm him down.

Beyond the simian insults were rougher epithets built around the word "nigger." He was called nigger, nigger this, nigger that, all the vituperative changes on the theme that Jackie Robinson was to endure three decades later. Ruth was called nigger so often that many people assumed he was indeed partly black and that at some point he, or an immediate ancestor, had managed to cross the color line. Even players in the Negro baseball leagues that flourished then believed this and generally cheered on the Babe, whom they considered a secret brother, in his conquest of white baseball. Ruth, from Southern-oriented Baltimore, found the allusion an insufferable calumny, the worst insult of all, this even though his personal relationship with blacks over the years was amiable. His occasional evidences of bigotry for the most part were casual and unthinking reflections of the age. A New York judge noticed that Ruth was a spectator in court one day and when the case was over spoke to Babe from the bench and invited him to give his reactions. "It was interesting," Ruth boomed from the back of the court, "but I thought that little kike over there should have won the case."

As he made and spent money he tried to pick up social graces, sometimes with hilarious results, particularly after he joined the Yankees and began to live in New York, where he was drawn into the social whirl. He met fashionable hostesses and one day, inevitably, referred to the husband of one of the ladies as the hoster. A society matron asked a *New York Times* baseball writer if he could possibly get Ruth to appear at a benefit she was running. The sportswriter said he would try, but he warned that he could not guarantee Ruth's appearance. He asked Babe, who said sure but added, "Listen, I have to go out to Jersey first. What time do you want me there?" At the appointed time Ruth drove up in his big car, was introduced to the elegant lady, beamed on the moneyed throngs who gently pressed around him and helped make the affair a smashing success. When it was over his hostess thanked him profusely for his time and effort. The Babe waved his hand. "Oh shit, lady, I'd do it for anybody," he said.

Another time, he accompanied Ford Frick, later the Commissioner of Baseball, to a formal dinner party. Frick said Babe would always move slowly at first when he was at affairs of this sort, watching, noting, finding out how you

did things before doing them himself. A rather splendid asparagus salad was served. Babe's eyes sizzled around until he saw which fork was to be used. He casually lifted the fork, poked at the salad and then without touching it put the fork down and pushed the plate an inch or so away in dismissal.

"Don't you care for the salad, Mr. Ruth?" his hostess asked.

"Oh, it's not that," he replied, his voice elegant and untentious. "It's just that asparagus makes my urine smell."

It was toward this world of wealth and social activity that Ruth began to move in 1919. He had acquired an agent of sorts, a Boston friend named Johnny Igoe, and he told Frazee he wanted his salary raised from \$7,000 to \$15,000. Only Ty Cobb, then in his 15th season, was being paid more than that. Ruth also said he wanted a two-year contract at that exalted figure. In other words, a \$30,000 deal, astronomical in a day when a six-room house rented for \$60 and a full-time "hired girl" received room and board and a few dollars a month.

Frazee said no, absolutely not, and for the first time in his career Ruth became a holdout. For Frazee it was not just a matter of his will and personality against Ruth's. It was a major battle in his struggle for economic survival. Frazee knew he needed Ruth, both for his play on the field and his draw at the box office. But Harry, who was a prominent theatrical producer, had over-extended himself in 1918 and had lost a great deal of money. Attendance at Red Sox games had fallen off badly in 1917, and in 1918, even though Boston won the pennant, it dropped another 35%. The shrunken wartime World Series receipts of 1918 had been a financial disaster for Frazee. Nor were his theatrical ventures going well. He was desperately in need of cash, so much so that during the winter he shifted from his earlier policy of buying ballplayers and began to sell them instead. Pre-war stars Ernie Shore and Duffy

Lewis had been released from service, and Dutch Leonard was back from a war job in a shipyard. Frazee sent all three to the Yankees in deals that netted him \$50,000.

Frazee resisted Ruth's demands. They met in Boston one day, but otherwise the only contact between the two was through the press. Babe said he might quit baseball and devote all his time to improving his farm, which now had 20 head of cattle, a couple of dozen pigs, three horses, 50 hens and a collie named Dixie. He made a production of chopping wood left-handed and wandering through the woods of the farm in a big fur coat. Frazee grinned



Ruth's first wife, Helen, was lonely, unhappy.

Continued

## BABE RUTH

continued



John McGraw scoffed at "the bun's" hitting future.

and said, "Can you imagine him not playing baseball?"

But Ruth was adamant. He said he had been promised \$2,000 when he returned to the club after threatening to join a shipyard team during the war, but that the new contract he received from Frazee did not show even this. Through Ignee he issued a statement saying he did not think he was unreasonable in asking for \$15,000 and hoped that the fans understood that all he was doing was trying to get what he was worth. He said now he wanted either \$15,000 for 1919 or a three-year contract at \$10,000 a year. Frazee offered him \$8,500. Ruth also said he did not want to both pitch and play left field anymore. Ed Barrow, asked to comment on this, said, "If Ruth plays for the Red Sox in 1919, he will probably pitch and pinch-hit." Ruth answered by saying that he wanted to play left field only and that he felt he would hit better if he were in the lineup every day. "I'll win more games playing every day in the outfield than I will pinching every fourth day," he said.

Because of postwar turmoil the season was beginning late that year (the schedule called for only 140 games instead of the then-standard 154), and the Red Sox did not leave for spring training until the middle of March. Late in February, Babe said he was thinking of becoming a professional boxer. He claimed a Boston promoter had offered him \$5,000 to fight Gusboat Smith, a prominent heavyweight, and he came in from Sudbury to work out in a Boston gym, supposedly for the fight.

The other Red Sox players signed one by one and in March assembled in New York, where they were to board a coastal steamer for the trip South to Florida. Frazee had shifted the Red Sox training camp from Hot Springs, Ark. to Florida at the instigation of John McGraw. McGraw

suggested to Frazee that the Red Sox and his perennially popular New York Giants meet in Florida and barnstorm north together, and Frazee quickly agreed.

But, obviously, Ruth was the key to the tour, and when the Red Sox party, led by Barrow, steamed out of New York without him, Frazee realized something had to be done. That was a Wednesday, March 19. On Thursday, Frazee got in touch with Ruth and asked him to come to New York to see if they couldn't reach an agreement. The Babe, restive now that the team had gone South without him, which made him a genuine holdout, took a train down from Boston Friday morning. He met with Frazee, and after a surprisingly short discussion the two came to terms. Frazee gave in, and Ruth signed a three-year contract at \$10,000 a year. So it was still a \$30,000 deal as far as Ruth was concerned. In retrospect it seems foolish for a rising young player to tie himself to a long-term contract, but it must be remembered that the major leagues had gone through three consecutive seasons of uncertainty and falling salaries, what with the death of the Federal League and the impact of war. Abrupt salary cuts were common practice. Too, for all his headlines, Ruth at this point in his career had but only 20 major league home runs. Pitching had been his forte, and he was in the uncertain position of trying to give up pitching for hitting. He had not yet established himself as a full-time batter. Under the circumstances a three-year contract at \$10,000 a year, one of the top salaries in the game, was a marvelous plumb.

After the signing a beaming Ruth told reporters he felt fine and was in good shape. "I've been exercising by doing hard work on my farm all winter," he said, and in a dig at the absent Barrow added that he hoped he would be left at one position all season instead of being switched back and forth.

Frazee, eager to get Ruth south to training camp, wanted him to depart at once for Florida and that night Babe left on the midnight train. Frazee wired Barrow that Tarzan had signed and was on his way.

In Florida, Barrow acceded to Ruth's wishes and used him only as an outfielder. When, after a couple of weeks of practice, the Red Sox met the Giants in Tampa on Friday, April 4, in the first exhibition game of the spring, Babe was in left field, batting fourth. The game, a historic one, was played at the Tampa fairgrounds on a diamond laid out in the huge infield of a racetrack. The Giants' pitcher was a tall, thin right-hander from Connecticut named George Smith. Smith had attended Columbia University and was called Columbia George by the sportswriters. Columbia George had a modest career in the major leagues—he won only 39 games in eight seasons—but he is remembered in baseball lore for one pitch he threw that Friday afternoon in Tampa. Ruth, in his first time at bat, leading off the second inning, tamed one of Smith's fastballs perfectly and hit an astonishing drive deep to right center field. Ross Youngs, the Giants' rightfielder and a superb athlete, looked like a little boy chasing the ball, which ultimately cleared the low rail fence and rolled across the racetrack.

No one had ever seen a baseball hit anywhere near as far before. A couple of sportswriters talked to Youngs afterward and got him to show them the precise spot where the

continued



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## BEBE RUTH

Continued

ball had ended up. They paced off the distance back to home plate and found themselves disbelieving the result. They scrounged around and found a tape measure and measured the length of the homer with that. Unhappily, how far the ball carried on the fly and how far it rolled after it landed are obscured by time and conflicting stories. The most modest account said the ball carried "more than 500 feet," the most extravagant said "more than 600 feet." Barrow, who was there that day, said it was 579 feet. Whatever the precise distance, all who saw it agreed it was the longest home run Ruth or anybody else ever hit.

He had another base hit that afternoon and two more the next day, and drove in seven runs in the two games. He was off and running. The clubs broke camp and began moving north, publicly ahead of them, crowds with them, oohs and ahs following them. Attendance was huge everywhere, with Ruth the continuing center of attention. The New York sportswriters discussed the Babe as endlessly as the Boston writers did, speculating on how many home runs he might hit during the season if Barrow continued to let him play every day. But McGraw, a staunch proponent of the bunt and the hit-and-run, the traditional "inside" baseball that played for a run at a time, disparaged Ruth.

"If he plays every day," McGraw said publicly, "the bum will hit into a hundred double plays before the season is over."

Ruth was aware of McGraw's comment, and wherever he made a particularly impressive hit off a Giant pitcher he would hoot at the Giant bench. "How's that for a double-play ball, Mac?"

The jockeying got rougher, and so did the games. The casual springtime exhibitions began to turn into all-out battles, as though the teams were fighting for a pennant. Joe

Bush ruined his arm for the year during the feud. One day Art Fletcher, the Giant shortstop, deliberately stuck his hip in the way of a slow Bush pitch. It was an obvious attempt to be hit by the ball, and the umpire refused to let Fletcher take first base. Bush threw the next pitch directly at the batter, yelling, "Stick your head out on this one!" The ball barely missed Fletcher's jaw. On the next pitch Bush threw as hard as he could and struck Fletcher out, but as he threw he felt something go in his shoulder. The following day he was unable to lift his arm or even hold a ball in his hand. He pitched only nine innings all season.

Things came to a head when Larry Doyle of the Giants slid roughly, his spikes high, into Mike McNally at second base. There were angry words and after the game the Red Sox held a meeting and decided to retaliate. They picked out individual Giants for personal vengeance. That night Barrow found McGraw and told him what his players intended to do. After some discussion the two managers agreed things had gone far enough. Each agreed to restrain his players, and from then on the games were played at a more civilized pace.

Ruth continued to be the man the crowds wanted to see. Winston-Salem even declared a half holiday so that fans could go out to the ball park. Everything Ruth did was sensational. In Charleston he swung so hard striking out that as he spun around his spikes caught in the hard clay of the batter's box and he wrenched an ankle. He was carried off the field, writhing with pain. No one in Carolina could recall seeing a man swing so hard he hurt himself when he missed. How badly hurt was another matter. Despite doleful headlines Ruth was back in action the next day, as he so often was after being "seriously injured."

The triumphal tour reached a climax in Baltimore, after the Red Sox had left the Giants in order to play Jack Dunn's minor league Orioles. It was the first time Ruth had appeared before the home folks in his new role as slugger, and he outdid himself. In six at bats he walked twice and hit four home runs. Four home runs! Everyone in Baltimore was talking about him, and it became an article of faith that while Dunn had undoubtedly developed him into the fine pitcher he was, hitting was something Bebe had achieved for himself. The ingenuous Ruth agreed with this analysis, telling a group of reporters after the game that no one could teach a man to hit the way he could. "It's a gift," he admitted modestly. Then he added, "I was afraid a few of my old Baltimore neighbors didn't believe all that they've read in the papers about my hitting. Today was my chance to show them what I could do. So I did."

When the season began a few days later the Red Sox were favored to win the pennant again. Even without Shore and Leonard, and with Ruth in the outfield, Barrow had what seemed to be an impressive pitching staff with Carl Mays, Herb Pennock, Sam Jones, Bush and Ray Caldwell, who had come from the Yankees. On opening day in New York the Red

Manager Barrow lent a period air of formality to Red Sox spring games



Continued



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Sox made the odds look good when they crushed the Yankees 10-0 behind Mays. The Mauler, as Ruth was now being called, batted fourth and had two hits, including a home run. *Ruth* canceled the rest of the Yankee series, but when the Red Sox moved on to Washington they won the first two games of the series there, with Ruth contributing a double, two triples and five runs scored.

Everything seemed serene, but it wasn't. With the Red Sox on the road in New York and Washington, Babe had been living it up. He had not been home to Boston since leaving for spring training and had not seen Helen for weeks. In Washington, always his favorite playground, he spent almost no time at all in the room in the Raleigh Hotel he shared with Coach Dan Howley. Howley was supposed to be Ruth's keeper and he had told Barrow, "I'll take care of that guy if I have to put a ring through his nose." But Barrow was well aware that Ruth's ample nose was not easy to ring. He knew Babe was staying out till all hours of the night, and despite Ruth's fine hitting and the club's impressive start he was determined to do something about it. On Monday, April 28, after the Red Sox had won their third straight game of the young season, Barrow sat up in the hotel lobby until well after midnight waiting for his errand star. At four in the morning he gave up and went to bed.

**T**he next afternoon Ruth went listless and the Red Sox lost. After the game the Babe dressed quickly and hurried off. At the hotel that evening an angry Barrow, raging at his inability to control his youthful star's off-field behavior, sought out the night porter, who would be around the lobby all night long, and asked him if he knew Babe Ruth, the big fellow. The porter nodded.

"All right," Barrow said. He gave the porter a couple of dollars, a substantial tip. "Here. When he comes in tonight, you come to my room and tell me. Wake me up. I don't care what time it is. Wake me up and tell me."

When the knock finally came, it was six in the morning. Barrow climbed out of bed and opened the door.

"That fellow just came in," the porter said.

Barrow nodded grimly and put on his robe and slippers. Ruth and Howley were in a room on the same floor. When Barrow got to their door he saw a crack of light and heard voices. He knocked. The voices stopped, and a moment later the light went out. Barrow rattled the knob angrily, and the door, unlocked, opened. He walked into the room and turned on the light.

Ruth was in bed, awake, the covers up to his chin. One hand peeking out from under the covers held a lighted pipe. Howley's rumpled bed was empty. The keeper had fled to the bathroom. Barrow, his great black eyebrows beetling, glared at Ruth.

"You always smoke a pipe this time of night?"

"Sure," Ruth said. "It relaxes me. It helps me get back to sleep."

Barrow stalked to the bed and whipped off the covers. Ruth was fully dressed, even to his shoes.

"You're a fine citizen, Babe," Barrow said. "I must say, you're a fine citizen."

He turned and walked out, pausing at the door to add, "I'll see you at the ball park."

Ruth, trapped and embarrassed, began to fume, and during the morning his anger grew. By the time he reached the ball park that afternoon he was brimming with resentment. He had just begun to put on his uniform when Barrow entered the locker room. Ruth stood up and called out, "If you ever come into my room like that again, you son of a bitch, I'll punch you right in the nose."

The clubhouse went dead silent. The massive Barrow turned toward Ruth.

"Call me that again," he said.

Ruth, suddenly abashed, stood there, saying nothing.

Barrow turned to the other players.

"You fellows finish dressing and get out of here. All except Ruth." He looked at Babe again. "You stay here. No one can call me that and get away with it. We'll lock the door. I'll give you a chance to see if you can punch me in the nose."

Barrow, at 50, was more than twice Ruth's age. Harry Hooper and Infielder Dave Shean came over to him.

"You can't fight him, Ed," Hooper said. "That won't do anybody any good."

Barrow shrugged them off.

"It's time I had it out with that young man," he said.

He waited, watching, as the players dressed. In the silence pervading the room Ruth put on his uniform along with the other players. As they began to slide out the door toward the field he glanced once at Barrow. Then he went out with the others.

He was shagging flies in the outfield when Barrow came out and sat in the Red Sox dugout. After a while Babe trotted in and came to the bench. Barrow pointedly ignored him. Finally Ruth spoke to him.

"Am I playing today?"

"No," Barrow said. "No, you're not playing. And go inside and take off your uniform. You're suspended until further notice."

Ruth obeyed without argument. After the game he went quietly along to Union Station, where the team caught a sleeper home to Boston. The Red Sox defeated the Senators easily that afternoon, 6-1, even without Ruth, and

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*This is the first of a three-part series excerpted from "Babe," to be published this summer by Simon & Schuster.*

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Barrow was in a slightly better mood. He was in his compartment with Larry Graver, the club secretary, when there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Barrow called out.

"It's me, Babe. Will you talk to me?"

Barrow motioned for Graver to leave.

"All right, come in." The door opened. Graver nodded at Ruth and ducked past him into the corridor. Ruth shut the door.

"So down," Barrow said.

Ruth sat. After a moment he said, "I'm awfully sorry about what happened today."

"You ought to be."

# "All you need is a toboggan, an old parachute and you're ready to break your neck, Scandinavian style"



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# DATSUN

Ruth hung his head. Then he muttered, thinking almost certainly of the incident in Baltimore eight months earlier that had resulted in his father's death in front of the family saloon. "F'd, someday somebody is going to kill me."

Despite his anger, Barrow smiled.

"Nobody's going to kill you, Babe. But don't you know you can't go around calling people names like that? What kind of bringing up did you have?"

Ruth hesitated, started to say something, and Barrow interrupted him.

"I'm sorry, Babe, I forgot. I know you had it tough as a kid. But don't you think it's time you straightened out and started living a decent life now? You can't go on the way you've been going."

The contrite Ruth agreed. He asked Barrow if he would lift the suspension and let him play. The manager asked him if he would stop his all-night partying. Ruth said he would but he added that he did not want a keeper following him around. He did not want people checking on him all the time.

"Listen," he suggested. "Suppose I do this. If I promise to leave a note in your box when I come back to the hotel at night, if I put down the exact time I get back, will you lift the suspension? Will you let me play?"

"You mean, you'll tell me the exact time you get in?" Ruth nodded.

"Can I take your word on that?"

"You bet you can," Ruth said fervently. Barrow said all right, and they shook hands on it. For the rest of the season, whenever the Red Sox were on the road Babe would leave notes for Barrow every night. "Dear Eddie," he would write (no one else ever called the majestic Barrow "Eddie"), or "Dear Manager," and then "I got back at 11:30," or "Back at two minutes before midnight." The system worked, and he and Barrow had no more trouble in Boston. In later years Barrow said he never knew whether Ruth lied to him in the notes. "I never checked up on him again," he said. "I took his word."

Despite the peace treaty between Barrow and Ruth—the Babe was back in the lineup the next day—the season was a catastrophe for the Red Sox. They had their good start (four victories and only one defeat the night Barrow and Ruth talked on the train), but after that it was one long decline. The splendid pitching staff sputtered and stalled. Bush started only two games all year. Pennock pitched once during the first six weeks of the season. Jones was out for almost three weeks. Caldwell pitched a couple of fine games and then several bad ones and finally was released. Only Mays was dependable, but the cheerless righthander became increasingly surly as he lost game after game by scores like 1-0, 2-1, 2-0, 3-2. The Red Sox were shut out three straight times in games Mays pitched, and in seven games he started during June they scored a total of eight runs. The team fell into the second division by the third week of May and stayed there the rest of the year, finishing a depressing sixth.

Ruth, too, went into a precipitous slump after his vigorous start and a month into the season was batting .180. He had hit only one home run since opening day, although it was with the bases full, the first time he ever hit a grand-slam homer. It also gave him a pitching victory because

Barrow, despite his promise in spring training, asked Ruth to help out on the mound again. Babe filled in for Pennock early in May and won, and in another game relieved Bush when that sore-armed pitcher had to give up in the second inning. Ruth allowed 11 hits in 11 innings of relief but won 6-5. Barrow put him in the regular pitching rotation again, and during the next six weeks Ruth started in turn. He played left field most of the time when he did not pitch, although once in a while the manager would keep him on the bench if a particularly tough lefthander was going for the other team.

By June 20 he had won five games and lost two, but he was not pitching well. When Washington routed him 8-3 on June 25, Barrow let him go back to being a full-time outfielder. For one thing, Ruth's batting had picked up sensationally. His average soared from .180 to .325 in less than a month, and he was beginning to hit home runs again. For another, it was obvious even to the competitive Barrow that the Red Sox were irrevocably out of the pennant race. Since Ruth was the only gate attraction the Red Sox had, he might as well concentrate on hitting and play every day.

**A**long with his homers, Ruth made headlines early in June when he twisted his knee sliding into third base and was carried off the field. Again, he was back in the lineup in a day or so. And again, he hit a home run the day he returned, which brought more headlines. The fans began to dote on his idiosyncrasies, such as the way he would hold up his bat and look at it in wonder when he missed or did no more than tip a foul back to the screen. One day after striking out he banged his bat on the ground so hard that he cracked the handle. It was a favorite bat, so he kept it and meticulously repaired it with tape and small nails, which was technically against the rules. Later, when he was in a slump, he gave it to Harry Hooper. His strikeouts were almost as interesting as his homers. "When Ruth misses a swipe at the ball," a newspaperman wrote, "the stands quiver." And, of a dull game, "Waiting for Ruth to come to bat was about all the interest the crowd worked up in the first eight innings."

The sportswriters picked up the title of a popular love song called *Along Came Ruth* and used the phrase freely in their copy, particularly in descriptions of dramatic situations when the Babe came to bat. One such moment occurred in June in a game against the Yankees in New York. The Red Sox were behind 4-1 in the eighth inning but they put two men on base—and along came Ruth. A home run would mean three runs and a tie score, so the Yankees brought in Bob Shawkey, the best pitcher. When Shawkey struck Ruth out, the big Saturday-afternoon crowd cheered ecstatically, tossed hats in the air and threw programs on the field. But a couple of days later Ruth faced Shawkey again, this time with the bases full, and he hit his second grand slam of the year.

On July 5 he hit two home runs in one game for the first time in his career, and a week later hit homers in successive games to bring his total for the year to 11, equalling his 1918 mark. And he kept right on going. On July 12 against Clevel-

—continued—

land he again hit two in one game, and the second was typically melodramatic. It came in the ninth inning with the bases loaded and the Red Sox behind 7-4, giving Boston an 8-7 victory and so angering Cleveland Owner James Dunn that he fired Manager Lee Fohl and replaced him with Tris Speaker. Three days later Babe hit the longest homer ever seen in Detroit, and three days after that hit a two-run homer in Boston that gave the Red Sox a 4-3 win. On July 29 he hit yet another, his ninth of the month and 16th of the season, which tied the American League record set in 1902 by Ralph (Socks) Seybold.

During this sensational streak Ruth returned to pitching on a regular basis for the last time in his career. Again, it was to help out as an emergency, this one caused by the defection of Carl Mays. Mays had become increasingly bitter about the poor batting support he was receiving, and on July 13 in Chicago he walked out on a game after pitching two innings. Barrow soon discovered that Mays did not intend to pitch anymore for the Red Sox. He went to Boston, picked up his belongings and left town. The stubborn pitcher had jumped the club, and Barrow and Frazee had a hasty telephone conference. The Red Sox should have suspended Mays at once, but if he were suspended he could not be sold or traded, and a sale is what Frazee had in mind. His likely customer was Jacob Ruppert, president of the New York Yankees.

"Don't do anything," Frazee warned Barrow. "I might be able to work out something with Ruppert."

Unsuspecting, Mays became the focus of attention. Here was a superb pitcher dissatisfied with a club whose owner needed money. Alert to the situation, Ban Johnson, the league president, wanted the seven other American League clubs not to deal with the Red Sox for the pitcher. But Ruppert, his partner, Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, and his business manager, Harry Sparrow, went from New York to Boston and met with Frazee and Barrow when the Red Sox returned from their Western swing. A week later it was announced that Mays had been sent to the Yankees for pitcher Allan Russell, a second player of little value, and \$40,000 in cash. It was one of the biggest cash transactions baseball had ever had. It also came very near to destroying the American League, and it was a major factor leading to the selection of Kenesaw Mountain Landis as High Commissioner of Baseball.

Johnson refused to approve the trade, saying that the Boston club should have suspended the player. He declared Mays suspended by league order for the rest of the season. Ruppert and Huston immediately went into court in New York and obtained a temporary injunction against Johnson. This freed Mays to pitch for the Yankees, and from Aug. 7 to the end of the season he won nine games for them (and 26 the next year and 27 the year after that). Nonetheless, the hassle went on. Chicago joined New York and Boston in challenging Johnson's authority while five clubs supported him. Ruppert continued to attack the league president, who was under severe criticism for arbitrary decisions he had made and for reports, later confirmed, that he had invested \$60,000 of his own money in the Cleveland Indians.

"Johnson will be put out of baseball," Ruppert promised. Most baseball men were dissatisfied with the unyielding

three-man national commission that was governing the game, and there had been a movement for some years to name an impartial, non-baseball man as permanent chairman and executive head of the commission (Judge Landis was the most frequently mentioned candidate). Johnson fought this proposal, but the rift that appeared in his league after the Mays affair brought about his downfall. Before the year was out the three rebel clubs joined with the eight National League teams and threatened to form a new league. Faced with the destruction of the American League, Johnson was forced to back down, and an agreement was reached that led to the dissolution of the old three-man commission and the appointment a little more than a year later (just after news broke about the Black Sox scandal) of Landis as the supreme ruler of baseball.

In July 1919 all that Babe Ruth knew or cared about this was that Mays was gone and he had to take his place while continuing to play in the outfield on the days he did not pitch. His ordeal lasted only a couple of weeks this time (he started three games and lost two of them), for on July 31 the 19-year-old Waite Hoyt joined the Red Sox. He took Ruth's place in the starting rotation and won his first game 2-1 in 12 innings. Ruth, as though in gratitude for being relieved of his burden, helped the young pitcher with four hits in six at bats. Hoyt became a regular starter, and for the rest of his career, except for a few scattered pitching appearances for publicity reasons, Ruth was an outfielder.

**C**uriously, Ruth's home-run hitting slackened off when he gave up pitching. After tying Seybold's record on July 29, Babe went more than two weeks without hitting another. This was frustrating to reporters and fans waiting for the record-breaking 17th, for Ruth's home-run quest was now being followed in minuscule detail in the sports pages. Some papers ran special boxes listing the date of each homer, the opposing team and the opposing pitcher. Records were not kept in the profusion they are today, but researchers came up with various marks for Ruth to aim at. First, of course, was Seybold's American League record of 16, which Ruth had tied. Then there was the modern major league record of 24, set by Gavvy Cravath of the Phillies in 1915. After that the target was the pre-1900 record of 25, set by Buck Freeman of the Washington Senators in 1899. That was considered the ultimate goal until someone, rooting about in old files, found that a long-dead player named Edward Nagle Williamson had hit 27 for the Chicago White Stockings in 1884. Ruth passed them all, but it is ironic that Williamson's was the final barrier. Seybold, Cravath and Freeman were power hitters, their home-run performances additional evidence of their consistent strength at the plate. But Williamson's record was a fluke. The year before he hit 27 he had hit only two, the year after, only three. What happened in 1884? Simple enough. The White Stockings that year played in the Congress Street Grounds, where right field was a ridiculous 215 feet from home plate. A year earlier the entire Chicago team hit a total of only 13 home runs, but in 1884 they hit 142. When Williamson hit his 27 (25 of them at home), he was closely



followed by teammates Fred Pfeiffer with 25, Abner Dalrymple with 22 and Cap Anson with 21. A season earlier the four of them had a combined total of five.

Nonetheless, Williamson had hit 27, and in mid-August, Ruth began his move toward that ancient mark. He hit No. 17 on Aug. 14 to set a new American League record. Two days later before a big Saturday crowd in Chicago he hit another of those "longest evers," and the next day in St. Louis, before another huge crowd, he hit No. 19. Three homers in four games. The fans began buzzing again, but the pursuit almost ended abruptly the following Friday in Cleveland when Umpire Brick Owens called a strike on the Babe Ruth, objecting strenuously, backed out of the batter's box and cursed the umpire. Owens tossed him out of the game, and Ruth threatened to punch him in the nose. Players from both teams grabbed the Babe and pulled him away. Despite the outburst, he was neither fined nor suspended and the next day in Detroit hit his 20th home run of the year, his fourth with the bases full. Four bases-filled home runs in one season remained an American League record for the next 40 years.

Ruth was hot. He followed his Saturday grand slam in Detroit with two more homers there on Sunday and another Monday afternoon. How the fans bubbled now. Four in three games! Seven in 12 days! Twenty-three for the season! Babe was bigger than the pennant race. Crowds poured out to watch.

Late in August the Red Sox announced that as an added attraction on Labor Day, Ruth would pitch the first game of the holiday doubleheader. Babe won 2-1, driving in one of Boston's two runs with a triple and scoring the other himself a moment later. In the second game he hit his 24th homer to tie Cravath's modern major league record. Later in the week he tied Freeman's older record with his 25th and missed another when his line drive hit a couple of feet below the top of the right-field fence. A few days later he hit No. 26, and now only Williamson's 27 lay ahead.

Inevitably, considering Ruth's innate flair for milking a situation, he went into another dry spell. For 11 days baseball waited and for 11 days Ruth did nothing but hit singles and doubles and pop-ups. On Saturday, Sept. 20, Boston had a doubleheader scheduled with the Chicago White Sox, who were about to clinch the American League pennant. The Red Sox announced it would be Babe Ruth Day, a day on which the fans could honor him for his marvelous hitting. In turn, the Babe would once again pitch the first game of the doubleheader. Fenway Park was jammed for the occasion. The Père Marquette Council of the Knights of Columbus presented Ruth with \$600 in U.S. Treasury savings certificates, and he received other gifts, including a diamond ring he wore for years. After the game a reporter, thinking of the crowds Ruth had drawn all season, asked what Frazee had given him. "A cigar," Babe said.

On the field Ruth was, well, heroic. He did not pitch too well, lasting only into the sixth inning before shifting to left field. But in the ninth inning he hit a spectacular home run to left field off Lefty Claude Williams. It was the game, tied Williamson's record, utterly delighted the crowd and used his fellow players. It was unheard-of for a left-handed batter to hit a ball that hard to left field off a left-handed pitcher,

particularly a pitcher of Williams' exceptional skills. Between games the famous White Sox third baseman, Buck Weaver, stopped by the Red Sox bench to comment, "That was the most unbelievable poke I ever saw."

Ruth broke Williamson's record a few days later in New York with another landmark drive, this one over a distant section of the Polo Grounds roof—yes, the longest ever hit at the Polo Grounds, according to reports of the game. It was dramatic, of course. The Red Sox were losing 1-0 in the ninth when he hit it, and it tied the score (Boston eventually lost 2-1 in the 13th).

**T**he Red Sox went to Washington for the last weekend of the season, and there Ruth hit the 29th and last home run of his triumphant year. It was the first he hit in Washington in 1919, and it gave him the distinction of having hit at least one homer in every city in the league. No one had ever done that before either.

After his 1919 season—before he had played one game for the New York Yankees—Ruth was acclaimed the greatest home-run hitter baseball had ever seen, even though he had only 49 for his entire major league career to that point. Roger Connor then held the record for most lifetime homers with 136, but Ruth passed Connor in 1921, his third season as a full-time batter, to become the most prolific home-run hitter of all time. Each of the almost 600 home runs he hit after that only extended his own record. During the years that followed, different players—Rogers Hornsby, Ken and Cy Williams, Lou Gehrig, Hack Wilson, Jimmie Foxx—challenged him from time to time, but Ruth's consensus was overwhelming.

The 29 home runs made him a national sensation, but he almost doubled that in 1920, when he hit 54. Others followed his lead, and 29 quickly became a modest figure. By the end of 1924, 30 home runs or more had been hit nine times—but five times by Ruth himself. By the end of 1928, 40 or more had been hit 10 times, seven by Ruth. He did not merely break through, he made the breakthrough and kept going, leading the way. From 1918 through 1934 he led the league in home runs 12 times and hit 669 homers, an average of more than 40 a year for 17 straight seasons. From 1926 through 1931 he averaged 50.3 a year. He hit his 700th home run in 1934. When he hit it, only two others had hit more than 300. When he retired with 714, he had more than twice as many as the second man on the list. The home run was his.

Johnny Igoe arranged a postseason tour for Ruth after the 1919 season that took him through the West and eventually to California, where he appeared in exhibition games with other major-leaguers, played golf with Buck Weaver and reportedly hit a drive 340 yards. He was also supposed to make a series of movie shorts with such gripping titles as *Home Sweet Home*, *Touch All Bases*, *The Dough Kris*, *The Bacon* and even *Oliver Twist*. Frazee posed for a publicity picture for the last one, doling out porridge with a spoon while Ruth supposedly said, "Please, sir." The money was pouring in and, prompted by Igoe, Ruth began to com-

continued

plain that his three-year contract with Frazee at \$10,000 a year was grossly inadequate. He wanted \$20,000 a year, he said, or he might not play at all in 1920. Since 1919 had been the best year baseball had ever known in terms of crowds and revenues, Babe had a pretty good argument. But Frazee was in a financial bind with Joseph Lannin, from whom he had bought the Red Sox after the 1916 season and who still held Frazee's notes for a substantial portion of the purchase price. Lannin was calling for payment and Frazee was having difficulty complying with his demands. His credit in Boston was becoming shaky.

Frazee and Colonel Huston, Ruppert's partner, were both convivial party types and got along well. Huston was a self-made man, an engineer who had grown up in Ohio and made a fortune in construction in Cuba after the Spanish-American War. He was a big, heavy man, a careless dresser, open and friendly, who considered the ballplayers and sportswriters his friends. In contrast, Ruppert was a New York aristocrat whose father had been a millionaire brewer. Ruppert owned horses, was a member of the Jockey Club, exhibited show dogs, dressed meticulously, had a valet, collected *objets d'art* and moved easily in New York society. He served four terms in Congress from Manhattan's Silk Stocking District, and, while a ladies' man, was discreet. He never married, but his wife provided generously for a "friend." Ruppert, who carried on the family business of brewing beer, had a faint trace of a German accent (Ruth was always Root to Ruppert) and never called anyone by his first name.

Ruppert and Huston had nothing in common but money, a keen interest in the Yankees and the title "Colonel." Ruppert got his at 22 when he was made an honorary colonel on the personal staff of Governor Hill of New York. Huston, who was a captain of engineers in the Spanish-American War (his nickname was "Cap"), served overseas in World War I as a colonel. The two had become acquainted because of their rooting interest in the New York Giants. John McGraw learned that the Yankees were for sale and suggested that Ruppert and Huston get together and buy the club. The pair put up \$460,000, and in 1915 the Yankees, then a chronic second-division team, were theirs.

Despite his fastidiousness and the dilettante impression he gave, Ruppert was a hard, practical businessman. Huston was much more sentimental and impulsive. Huston liked Wild Bill Donovan, whom they had hired as manager in 1915, but Ruppert was impatient with the slow progress toward respectability the team was making. While Huston was in the Army in France, Ruppert decided it was time to hire a new manager. He asked Ban Johnson, with whom he was then on good terms, if he could suggest a replacement.

"Get Miller Huggins," Johnson said. Huggins was a tiny man (5'6½" and barely 140 pounds) who had been managing the St. Louis Cardinals for five years without spectacular success, but Johnson was always a shrewd judge of talent. "He's a fine manager, and we'll take a good man away from the National League."

Ruppert wired Huston about the proposed change, and Huston instantly replied negatively. He did not want the unimpressive little Huggins. He suggested instead that Ruppert hire the Brooklyn Dodgers' manager, big fat Wilbert

Robinson, a jolly caddy of Huston's. As a courtesy to his partner, Ruppert interviewed Robinson but his mind was already made up. Impressed with Huggins, he hired him and told Huston about it after it was a *fait accompli*. Huston was furious, and the relationship between the two colonels, never close, was always uneasy after that.

Still, on some things they worked together well, and when Frazee indicated that Ruth was available Huston was quick to discuss with Ruppert the possibility of getting him. The Yankees had been acquiring hallplayers aggressively during 1918 and 1919, and Ruppert was heartily in favor of obtaining an obvious star and drawing card in Ruth. The only drawback was money. Ruppert had ample wealth, but he was a practical man. Prohibition was about to go into effect, and Ruppert knew it was going to cause a precipitous decline in the revenue of his Manhattan brewery. Too, he was aware that McGraw and the Giants might at any time terminate the arrangement that permitted the Yankees to play in the Polo Grounds (and particularly so if Ruth joined the club). The vague plans he and Huston had tossed around about building their own ball park might have to be implemented, and great quantities of cash would be needed for that. So a lump cash payment for Ruth was out. Nonetheless, the colonels met with Frazee and worked out a deal satisfactory to both sides.

The Yankees agreed to buy Ruth for \$100,000, which was double the largest amount ever paid for a ballplayer before that. No other players were involved; it was a straight purchase—but the financial arrangements were complex. According to the contract of sale signed on Friday, Dec. 26, 1919, Ruppert and Huston gave Frazee \$25,000 in cash and three promissory notes for \$25,000 each, one payable Nov. 1, 1920, the second Nov. 1, 1921, the third Nov. 1, 1922. The notes were at 6%, so the total amount the Yankees paid was nearer to \$110,000.

Along with the cash he received for Ruth, Frazee wanted a substantial loan. This was the crux of the deal, and Ruth came to the Yankees because Ruppert agreed to it. He gave Frazee a letter on Dec. 26 that said, "I hereby offer to loan or cause to be loaned to you \$300,000 . . . to be secured by a first mortgage [upon the] land now used as a baseball playing field by The Boston American League Baseball Club . . ." In other words, Ruppert, co-owner of the New York Yankees, would hold a mortgage on Fenway Park, the Boston team's home field. Ruppert's letter said the loan offer would expire if it were not acted upon in 90 days.

The loan was made, and relations between the two clubs continued to be cordial, with Frazee sending player after player to the Yankees over the next few seasons for more and more cash. The Red Sox soon became a baseball disaster area, finishing dead last nine times in 11 seasons, but Frazee survived, eventually sold the Boston team, and in 1925 hit the jackpot financially in the New York theater with the enormously successful *No! No! Nisette!*

In all, then, counting the initial payment, notes, interest and loan, the Yankees put up more than \$400,000 in cash and credit to obtain Ruth. They knew what they were getting, in more ways than one. The contract of sale reveals that Ruppert and Huston were well aware of Ruth's discontent with his \$10,000-a-year salary with Boston and

continued

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the likelihood that he would demand a substantial increase when he learned of his transfer to New York. The second clause in the agreement said if Ruth did not report before July 1, the deal was off and Frazee would return the cash and the notes. The third clause said if Ruth demanded an increase in salary and the Yankees "deem it necessary to increase his salary in order to retain the services of the said player," the Yankees would pay the increase as long as it did not raise Ruth's salary beyond \$15,000. If they had to go beyond \$15,000, the Red Sox would be obliged to pay "such excess up to the sum of Twenty-five Hundred (\$2,500) for each of the years 1920 and 1921." The fourth clause said if Ruth did not ask for a salary increase but did demand a bonus for agreeing to play with the Yankees, the New York club would spring for the first \$10,000 of the bonus but the Red Sox would have to pay anything over that up to \$15,000.

In brief, the Yankees anticipated trouble with Ruth. To allay it, they hurriedly dispatched the diminutive Huggins to California to find him and discuss things. Announcement of the deal was to be delayed until Huggins met with the Babe. In California, Huggins had some trouble tracking down the restless Ruth but eventually found him playing golf in Griffith Park. When Ruth came off the course, Huggins introduced himself.

"I'm Miller Huggins of the Yankees, Babe. I'd like to talk to you."

"Sure," Babe said, shaking hands. "I've been traded to the Yankees," he said to himself.

They found a quiet place and made small talk for a few minutes. Then the manager said, "Babe, how would you like to play for the Yankees?"

"Have I been traded?"

Huggins hesitated.

"Well, the deal hasn't been made yet. I'd like to find out a few things. I want to know if you'll behave yourself if you come to New York."

"I'm happy with the Red Sox," Ruth said, bridling a bit. "I like Boston. But if Frazee sends me to the Yankees, I'll play as hard for them as I did for him."

"Babe, you've been a wild boy in Boston. In New York you'll have to behave. You'll have to be strictly business," Ruth became irritated.

"I already told you I'll play the best I can. Let's get down to business. How much are you going to pay me?"

Huggins mentioned the two years left on Ruth's \$10,000 contract.

"I want a lot more dough than that," said Babe.

"All right," Huggins said. "If you promise to behave yourself, Colonel Ruppert will give you a new contract."

"For how much?"

Huggins mentioned \$15,000 a year and then \$17,500 Ruth said no. He repeated what he had told Frazee during the autumn. He wanted his salary doubled to \$20,000. He also wanted a piece of the money the Red Sox would be getting for him. Huggins shook his head. He would have to get in touch with New York. They shook hands and parted. When they met again there was more haggling, but they finally came to terms and Ruth signed an agreement. Technically, he would continue under his old contract—\$10,000

a year for 1920 and 1921—but he would also receive an immediate bonus of \$1,000 and then \$20,000 more over the next two years, to be paid in \$2,500 installments at regular intervals during each season. The Yankees could do nothing about giving him a percentage of the money they were paying Frazee.

In sum, then, Ruth received \$41,000 from the Yankees for the 1920 and 1921 seasons. Huggins wired Ruppert, and in New York on Monday, Jan. 5, 1920, the press was called in and told the startling news that the Red Sox had sold Babe Ruth to the Yankees.

In Boston the story created consternation. A cartoon appeared in one of the newspapers showing Faneuil Hall and the Boston Public Library decked with for-sale signs. Frazee faced the criticism coolly and blandly blamed Ruth for Boston's sixth-place finish in 1919. "It would be impossible to start next season with Ruth and have a smooth-working machine," he said. "Ruth had become simply impossible, and the Boston club could no longer put up with his eccentricities. I think the Yankees are taking a gamble. While Ruth is undoubtedly the greatest hitter the game has ever seen, he is likewise one of the most selfish and inconsiderate men ever to put on a baseball uniform."

Sportswriters dutifully echoed that theme, one school of thought holding that Ruth would never again be the player he was in 1919.

Fans generally were more realistic. "For the love of Mike," one Red Sox rooster said in disgust, "I give up." Another prescient follower of Boston baseball said, succinctly, "I figure the Red Sox is ruined." A policeman commented, "From what I can see, there no longer is any sentiment in baseball." During the season that followed, Frazee had posters put up in Fenway Park advertising a show of his called *My Lads' Friends*. A disgusted fan jerked his thumb at the poster and said, "Those are the only friends he has."

In California, Ruth was a bit taken aback by Frazee's comments and the sensation the news of the sale created. For some reason, perhaps sentiment, perhaps with the idea of strengthening his hand with Ruppert and Huston, perhaps with an eye on cigar sales, he sent a wire to Boston saying, *WELL, NOT PLAY ANYWHERE ELSE. MY HEART IS IN BOSTON*. A cynic said, "He means that's where his cigar factory is."

New York felt a lot better about the whole thing, although *The New York Times* ran an editorial titled "The High Price of Home Runs" comparing the money that was paid for Ruth to the salary being paid a visiting professor at a city university. In New Jersey, where he was working in a shipyard, Ping Bodie, the incumbent Yankee leftfielder, said, "I suppose this means I'll be sent to China."

Ruth stayed in California another month before returning to Boston. Late in February he said goodby to Helen and left for New York to join his new club on its trip South to spring training. The Yankee dynasty was about to begin.

## NEXT WEEK

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A roundup of the week March 4-10

97

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## STATE OF STREAKING

Sir

"Streaking ('No Time for Stitches," *Second* issue, Feb. 25) could have started right here on the Princeton campus 60-odd years ago. According to John Davies (*The Legend of Hobey Baker*, Little, Brown and Co., 1966), the pioneer streaker was the immortal Baker who "One night on a bet" ran naked from "79 Dormitory to the cannon back of Nassau Hall."

Of course that was before Princeton became coeducational, which no doubt will explain why this was a solo act. So what else is new?

JOSEPH W. O'DONNELL

Princeton, N.J.

Sir

Thank you for mentioning the latest campus craze. I would like to point out Duke University's claim to the new record: 438 streakers. This record will surely be broken, but the efforts of Duke, Western Carolina, North Carolina, North Carolina State and other area universities have established North Carolina's status as the Streaking State.

JOE D'ESPOSITO

Durham, N.C.

Sir

In streaking, as in any other sport, it is not quantity but quality that counts. We at Penn State therefore feel called upon to protest Western Carolina University's claim to fame. On a recent night one dorm alone summed up (down?) 17 people who streaked together for the better part of an hour. All this in 20' and a staff wand. One heavy soul spent two hours streaking around Beaver Stadium, site of many performances by another Penn Stater, John Cappelletti.

Penn State's streakers are willing to meet Western Carolina's any cold wet night they feel up to it. But beware. The same drive that made Penn State's football team 12-0 and carried its basketball team to a victory over high-flying Pitt would leave the Southern lads in a cloud of drive, exposed for what they really are.

I. G. HUMES

University Park, Pa.

## JIMBO

Sir

Congratulations on an outstanding article by Curry Kirkpatrick on Jimmy Connors (*Jimbo Comes On Strong*, March 4). There is one point that I think deserves clarification. Stan Smith stated that he did not get to play Jimmy during the early part of last year when he (Smith) was playing well. Stan was invited to play in the National Indoor

Championships in Salisbury, Md., which was won by Connors. Stan was available for that particular week but chose not to come.

BILL RARDON

General Chairman

National Indoor Championships

Salisbury, Md.

Sir

I have read only half of your article on Jimmy Connors and already my impressions of him have worsened. He is very good, nobody can deny that, but how can he consider himself in a class with the top players of the world and get so uptight about not being ranked alone as No. 1? If he wants to have the recognition he thinks he should have, why doesn't he join the WCT where the big boys (Laver, Smith, Newcombe) play? Let's see how he does against them instead of the second-flight players he beats on Bill Rardon's tour.

Until Connors decides to play real big-time tennis—week in, week out—and not just Wimbledon and Forest Hills, he will not be known as the tennis player he says he is. Until then he will just have to be known as Chris Evert's boyfriend. The kid may have come a long way, but he still has a long way to go.

RICHARD EISEN

Hamilton, N.Y.

Sir

Every major sport has them—the Dick Atlons, the Duane Thomases, the Derek Sandersons. They give a sport the attention it needs to grow. And tennis, with its odd names and peculiar-sounding scoring, needs this more than most sports. Not for the sake of the ordinary fans. Jimmy Connors is not only one of these extraordinary people, but an extraordinary tennis player. Is it coincidence that the only player in tennis today who is able to claim consistent victory over Connors is also the one tennis player who is more colorful and controversial, namely the Nastase? Thank goodness tennis is finally coming out of its shell.

JOE NOLAN

Bellefonte, Ill.

Sir

Thanks for putting Jimmy Connors on your cover. The picture will replace one of Howard Cowell on my dashboard, as Howard is now full of holes.

DAVID ATCHISON

Normal, Ill.

## BACK HOME IN INDIANA

Sir

I would like to express my appreciation to both Barry McDermott and Jerry Kir-

shenbaum for their fine article (*It's A Long Favorite Hoosier's*, March 4). It gives everybody a good feeling (except those who have gone down to defeat to the "Hurricane Hoosier") to read about how Coach Bobby Knight has changed "kids playing tag" into a nationally ranked team in just three short years. And who could forget Doc Counsellman? No one in Indiana.

SHAN CONLEY

Carmel, Ind.

Sir

Jerry Kirshenbaum's notion that Hoosier success has undermined college swimming is all wet. The sport is as much individual as team-oriented, and the program at IU serves as a model for high schools and colleges alike. It also helps to keep the U.S. at the pinnacle of international competition, a spot we've relinquished in most other sports.

More competition would be fun—it seems like ages since I watched Michigan (my alma mater) capture the Hoosiers in 1966—but let's not blame the lack of it on Indiana. A team cannot buy or bully its way to success in this grueling sport, and summer clinics spawn more quality swimmers than the Midwest. It is not only the superstars who make IU the premier team on the circuit. IU's potentially awesome depth results from maximum development of even the less than superstar athletes.

PETER J. GUSTAVSON

Northbrook, Ill.

## UNFLOPPED WHEATENS

Sir

In the article about the Westminster dog show (*He Painted the Bay at Westminster*, Feb. 25) you show a picture of what might have been a soft-coated wheaten terrier—before all that awful fluffing up by its groomer. The wheaten, as described in the Irish and English Kennel Club standard, should be presented naturally, and any kind of trimming or dressing for the show ring is discouraged. Why then doesn't Margorie Shoemaker relax and enjoy the breed, which in its natural state is a joy to behold and looks like a dog whose ancestors did indeed guard stables and destroy rodents? I would refer her and others interested in seeing what a wheaten should look like to the *Irish National Encyclopedia of Dogs* by Danglefield and Howell, pages 434 and 435. Those interested in hours of grooming for the show ring should seek to breeds that need it, not all-purpose dog such as the wheaten—or the Westie, of which I own two. Thank you, though, for the excellent coverage given the show.

MRS. ALAN G. LAFLAMME

Eden, N.Y.



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Sir:

I have kept soft-coated wheaten terriers since 1957, and have bred and exhibited them since 1962. The "constant grooming" attributed to the breed is necessary for show purposes only, and really serves to remove the soft curls or waves natural to the abundant coat. This for some obscure reason is the appearance that judges, unfamiliar with the wheaten and its standard, seem to prefer.

To say that the wheaten "requires a firm hand," however, is ridiculous. Judges who, as a pretense, stand off terriers to determine how feisty they act, are frequently amazed to see these terriers sniff each other's noses with wagging tails. On the other hand, I have never known one to back away from a good fight, no matter what the odds. Their quiet ego would not allow that.

CHARLES H. ARNOLD

West Hartford, Conn.

## RUNNING FOR COUNTRY

Sir:

I read with interest your comments on Filbert Bayi and Major General Sarakikiya and the Tanzanian Olympic Committee (SCIENCE, Feb. 25). I spent three years in Tanzania and was often privileged to work with General Sarakikiya. Our Olympic Committee could use gentlemen of his stature.

Why indeed should Bayi run on unfamiliar boards, where victory is often determined by the fleetest elbows—not feet—or on a U.S. championship in which not even the top American milers will compete?

As to comparing the Tanzanian Olympic Committee stand in Bayi's case to that of the Kenya AAA on Ben Jipcho, the Kenyans could more properly be grouped with our own "enlightened" Olympic Committee, which is driving so many of our top athletes to the IFA. While I was in Tanzania I meant something to run for one's country, and I suspect that in Bayi's case it still does.

TOM HICKLEY

Philadelphia

## VISIONS OF SUMMER

Sir:

This past weekend I gazed out over the ice around me, then settled down with Thomas McGuane's *In the Forestry of the Mud* (Feb. 25). After reading it twice, my heart was warm. At first, however, I felt completely frustrated by the lack of a photograph of the Meadow Lark. But, on second thought, perhaps my image of the bird was better. I hope we hear more from Mr. McGuane soon.

RICHARD F. LOREL

Detroit

## UNsung ATHLETES (CONT.)

Sir:

As a mother of a competitive skater, I was pleased to find at least someone honest and courageous enough to write the truth about

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The medication used in the tests was Preparation H<sup>®</sup>. No prescription is needed for Preparation H. In ointment or suppository form.

## 19TH HOLE

skating (*The Divine Right of Queens*, Feb. 18). It should be brought out into the open. I would complain myself, but it is impossible because 1) I do not know where to air my grievance, and 2) I have a fear of hurting my child's chances of competing again.

I wish you would publish my letter but withhold my name, because I feel I speak for the mothers of those children who are capable of being first but are not favored by the judges' rulings. These children go through the same rigorous, long training and the same expense but with no hope of reaching the top because of the ignorance of the system.

My heart goes out to Jeannette Bruce. We need more forthright writers like her.

Name: WILLIAM

New York City

Sur.

I was delighted to see that someone had enough honesty to report the facts and challenge the newspaper accounts of the U.S. Figure Skating Championships. Jeannette Bruce's article by the skating world right where it needed to be: in *most*!

My first trip to this national competition produced feelings of amazement and anger. The skaters' performances, with few exceptions, were quite good, the judges, with fewer exceptions, outrageous. Congratulations to the woman who took the initiative to lay things on the line.

Cambridge University

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

See<sup>2</sup>

Jeannette Bruce's article on amateur figure skating indirectly points out the inadequacies in the competitive structure of this sport – or art. Judging at a national competition too often turns out to be a formality rather than a qualified analysis of the immediate performance. The hypocrisy of the situation, however, is too often attributed solely to the judges when the entire figure-skating world is at fault.

I suspect that skating would advance much farther if competitions were eliminated completely. Perhaps this would take it out of the realm of sport, but I think that figure skating would feel more at home alongside its more earthbound relative, the dance. Then we could just enjoy the performances of Roberti, Loughland, Prossella Hill and Dorothy Humall and leave it to personal taste as to which talented girl is best.

PLATE 104

Canadian Correspondent  
Silong

Calgary, Alberta

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